Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Reg'd

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIX No. 2467 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MAY 17 1947

Bulmer's

DIEU ET MON DROIT

BY APPOINTMENT CIDER MAKERS

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

POMAGNE

MADE BY THE SAME PROCESS AS CHAMPAGNE

Champagne Cider de Luxe

GREYS CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness tobacco

MARTELL

Cognac BRANDY

AGE & QUALITY FOR THE WORLD

By Appointment Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

Salt of quality

McVITIE & PRICE *Biscuits of Highest Quality*

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

ArdenTe

SOUND AMPLIFICATION

SYSTEMS FOR HOTEL, OFFICE & FACTORY.
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS MARINE "LOUD HAILER"

ARDENTE ACOUSTIC LABORATORIES, LTD., GUILDFORD, SURREY
Sales Division: 309 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Phone: MAYfair 1380

For men in a hurry

WARDONIA BLADES

FOR QUICKER SHAVES

Choose the Royal Exchange Assurance *for all your insurances*

Head Office at the Royal Exchange, London

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE — REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM — Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Cheer up hubby! Have a Craven 'A' — we'll soon fix it.

Craven 'A'

for your throat's sake

CARRERAS — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

CA 1339

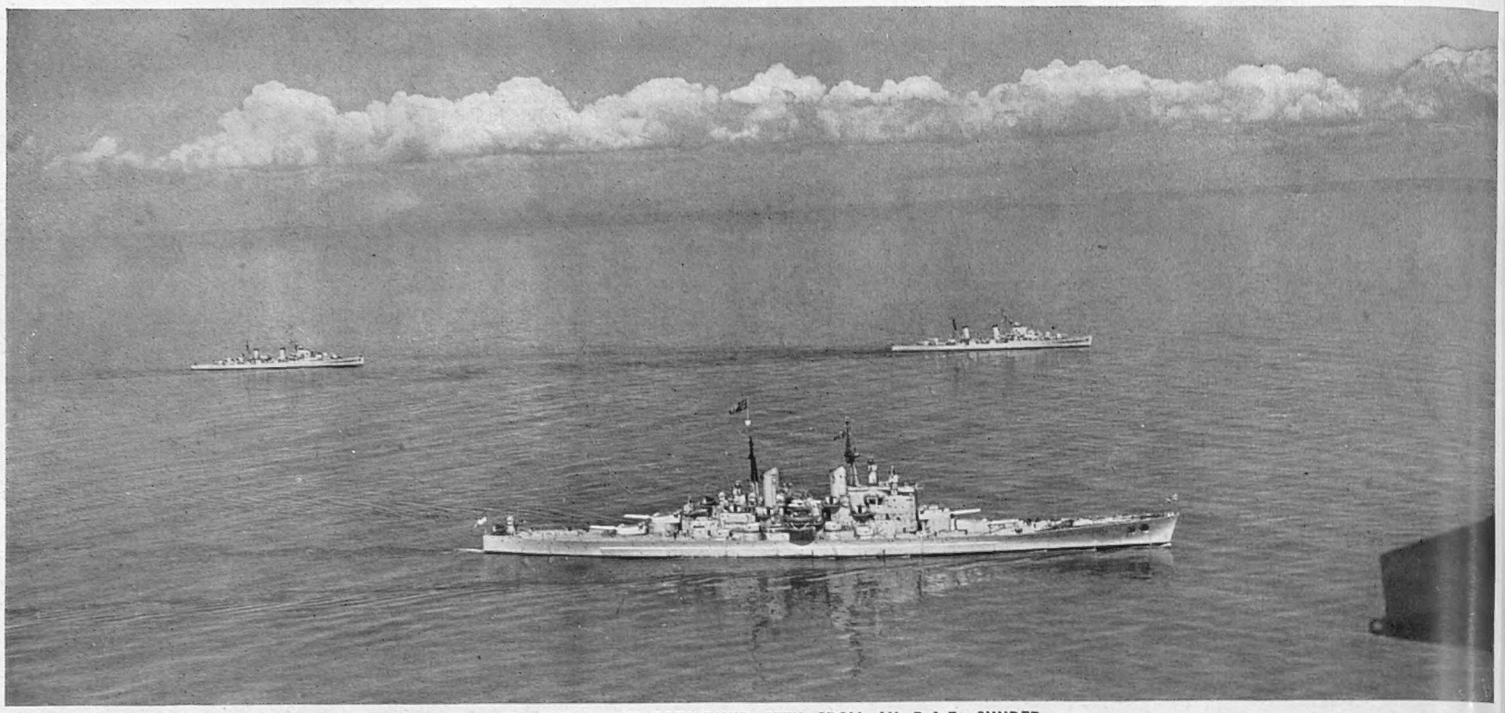
Volume CLXXXIX No. 2467 The SPHERE, London, May 17, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE RETURN OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.—OFFICIAL GREETINGS AT WATERLOO STATION ON THEIR ARRIVAL BACK IN LONDON FOLLOWING THE ROYAL TOUR OF SOUTH AFRICA: The King is shaking hands with the Home Secretary, Mr. Chuter Ede, the Queen is with the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, and Princess Elizabeth with the Lord Lieutenant of the County of London, the Duke of Wellington

ON Sunday, May 11, the battleship *Vanguard* steamed into Portsmouth Harbour, bringing back the Royal Family from their triumphal tour of the Union of South Africa, and on Monday the King and Queen and the Princesses, after driving through cheering multitudes at Portsmouth, received a tremendous ovation in London as they drove through lunch-hour crowds from Waterloo Station to Buckingham Palace. It was a perfect day for their homecoming, and as the procession passed up the Mall towards the Palace the crowd surged through Admiralty Arch and there was enacted once again one of those stirring, impromptu gatherings reflecting how the Throne remains the focal point of the nation's loyalty. Pictures of the drive through London and other arrival scenes will be found on pages 194 and 195

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

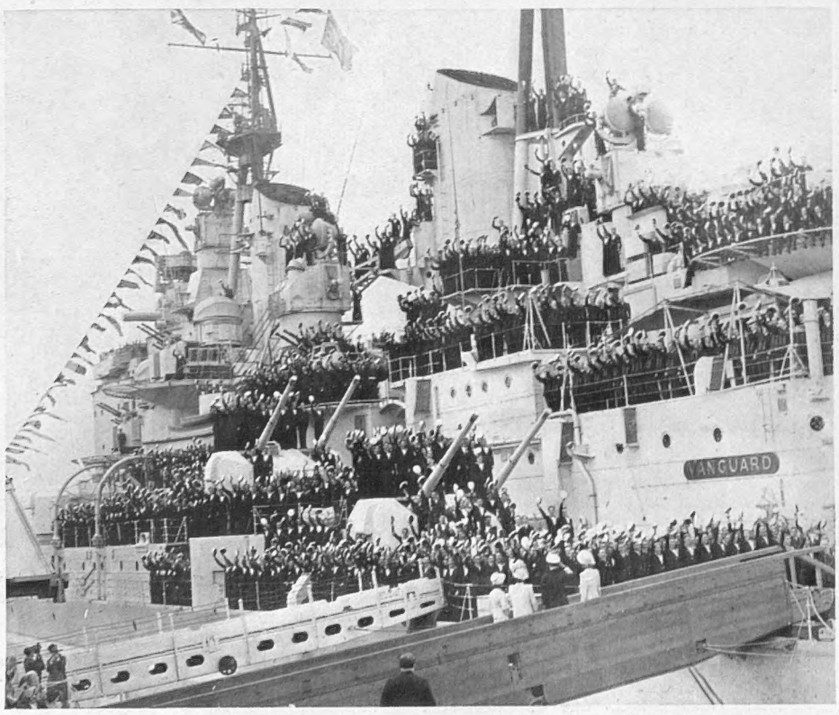


H.M.S. "VANGUARD" STEAMS UP THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—THE GREAT BATTLESHIP SEEN FROM AN R.A.F. SUNDERLAND AIRCRAFT AS SHE APPROACHED PORTSMOUTH AT THE END OF THE VOYAGE HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA: A crowd, estimated to be 500,000 strong, gave a tumultuous welcome to the Royal Family at Portsmouth and Royal salutes were fired by ship and shore batteries as the vessel steamed up the Solent accompanied by her escort of two cruisers

LONDON'S WELCOME FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY

Arrival Scenes at Portsmouth, and the Drive from Waterloo to the Palace

THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCH THE LANDMARKS OF ENGLAND: The King and Queen and the Princesses standing on their special bridge above "Vanguard's" "B" gun turret



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CREW OF H.M.S. "VANGUARD": As the King and Queen and the Princesses walked down the gangway at Portsmouth the crew broke out into a roar of cheering, and the King turned towards them and saluted. Crowds lined the dock, many of those present being friends and relatives of the crew. The King has granted the ship's company of "Vanguard" three days' extra leave

THE DRIVE FROM WATERLOO TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE THROUGH LONDON'S CHEERING THRONG: An overhead view taken from the Admiralty Arch as the Royal carriage, drawn by four of the Windsor Greys, turned from Whitehall into the Mall. The lunch-hour crowds were massed thickly on the south side of Trafalgar Square

Exactly 100 years ago to the day after Queen Victoria had travelled with the Court from Portsmouth to London and had driven with the Prince Consort through the streets of London to Buckingham Palace, an occasion which took place just prior to the tenth anniversary of her accession, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Coronation, travelled that self-same route, a coincidence emphasising the enduring nature of the Throne in the midst of a changing world. The arrival of the Royal Family in England, after their triumphal tour of the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias and an absence of over three months, was made the occasion for a great public demonstration of loyalty and affection both at Portsmouth and London, and the pictures on these pages evidence the warmth of the welcome. Londoners lined the streets during their lunch-hour recess to cheer the Royal progress, and later there were familiar scenes outside the Palace as the crowd called repeatedly for Royal appearances on the balcony.

ROU[illegible]NG THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL—THE ROYAL COACH, DRAWN BY THE WINDSOR GREYS AND ACCOMPANIED BY A CAVALRY ESCORT, ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM [illegible]ACE, THE LAST STAGE IN THE LONG JOURNEY FROM THE CAPE: The crowds were very thick at this point, many of the people having taken up positions [illegible]advantage three or four hours before the Royal Family were due to arrive. Some indeed turned up at 6 a.m. equipped with sandwiches and [illegible]p stools. Later there were stirring scenes as the crowd called for the King and Queen and the Princesses to appear on the Palace balcony

ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION FROM THE PALACE BALCONY—THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES RESPONDING TO THE CHEERS OF THE GREAT THRONG GATHERED ROUND THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL: The King, in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, and the Queen and the Princesses all waved their greetings, and later there were repeated calls for them to appear. As soon as the Royal Family entered the Palace gates the Royal Standard was unfurled

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Britain's War Debts.—Why indeed should Britain come out of the war the only debtor country? Odd that any Government could leave this question unexamined for two whole years. We gave our all, counting not the cost, deeming no sacrifice too much, while others stood aside to count the pros and cons, or held up their hands in surrender. And now we face the future and the present economic blizzard with this crippling load of debt and with a name of a tiresome, old, scrounging, poor relation or neighbour. We did not stop to ask for guarantees when we threw all in. But we assumed that common honesty and gratitude would survive the war. Where to-day would India stand, or Egypt, if we had done what Hitler expected? Canada understands, the great Dominions know. Roosevelt knew. And every man who has the ability and experience to understand the economic structure of the post-war world appreciates that the scaling down of the British burden is much more than an act of justice and a gesture of gratitude. It is stark common sense. Civilisation cannot recover a workable economic poise so long as Britain is kept under in bearing civilisation's common burden—the price of war, the cost of averting chaos. There is no other subject of burning interest to-day on which English political parties are so completely in agreement, or economists the world over more likely to agree than this—the settlement once and for all on a Lease-Lend basis of Britain's war debts, which have nothing whatever to do with commerce and commercial obligations. For *these* debts "High Heaven rejects the law of nicely calculated Less or More."

National Wages Policy.—Most people are agreed in principle that the time has come to put an end to go-as-you-please or smash-and-grab methods of obtaining ever higher wages in industry. But it is (like House of Lords reform) a subject of which all interests seem to fight shy when it comes down to brass-tacks. Even Labour parties in the constituencies are beginning to table vague motions to that effect, but hitherto no Trade Union has come out into the open in favour. The mildest beginnings of a national wages policy, even if the T.U.C. were brought in as equal partners with the Government in formulating it, suggests to the former the thin end of the wedge thrust into their right and duty and chief function—to formulate and give effect to their own wages policies for various industries. Nevertheless, even among the T.U.s the idea grows that wages must sooner or later be more precisely related to output, to productivity, to the national importance of the industry concerned, not as a temporary stimulant or expedient, but on some broad and balanced pattern. The plan which seems to offer the best hopes of agreement and effectiveness is that which envisages the pegging of a national minimum wage—an income adequate to the current cost of living for a full week's work. That peg must be placed high enough to attract workers to the vital industries, but all earnings above its mark must thenceforth be strictly related to output. There is sense in this, though the plan bristles with difficulties, such as the definition of "vital industries," or "a full week's work," and the mathematical relation of plus-earnings with output. Costs of production must be pegged if this country is to avoid total bankruptcy, and that can only be if a sense of proportion and of discipline return in industry. Nothing but Government and T.U. influence and action can bring those essentials back. But it seems yet a far cry to such a national wages policy. And the difficulties in the matter of definitions, let alone of the minimum to be pegged, seem insuperable. It is indeed a very far cry to an ideal policy of a national minimum wage which will attract the miner to the coal-face, the Chancellor to the Woolsack, the G.P. to the surgery, the journalist to Fleet Street, the director to the board room, with a nicely calculated plus-earning above the minimum to afford an incentive to those who occupy key positions in accepted key occupations. Expedients to salvage this industry or that, or a policy which pets and favours one industry of immediately vital importance, lead straight to chaos. Indeed, no word is in greater need of re-definition to-day than the word "worker."

Fighting for Freedom.—I believe in Freedom; I deplore the loss of freedom in every sphere, while I acknowledge the present need for much restriction of freedom. I know that if one engages in a political campaign for any cause, in which one believes, one must use the ugly weapons of "total war." Yet, even so, those weapons must be properly pointed, wisely barbed and rendered as economically effective as may be. And just as I believe that the Conservative party still needs a deal of shaking out and purging of intransigent elements, and still a deal more thrashing out of a new brass-tacks policy, so I believe that the Fighting Fund for Freedom which has recently deluged me with its smart slogans and leaflets, is waging war with cheap and blunted weapons. A slogan is invariably a half-truth, if so much. A leaflet needs to be more than smart, it must be effective over waverers and doubters as well as over the converted. Thus: "When we are sitting around *Fireless Grates*, let us remember that we *own the mines*!" may get a chuckle from the already converted, but may seem a cheap and nasty and one-sided squib to those who have thought the problem of coal out with all its complexities. And so with slogans about the Bank of England or "There are more civil servants than hewers of coal—how about changing their jobs?" That last is about as constructive as an urchin's inscription on the wall of a public convenience. It will not draw from me a guinea for the Fighting Fund.

Palestine and the Prophets.—Joel: Chap. iii. (1 and 2):—"For behold! in those days and in that time when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations and parted my land." Very apt and topical to-day. But, says Amos, Chapter v. (6 and 7): "Ye who turn judgment to wormwood and leave off righteousness in the earth, seek the Lord and ye shall live; lest He break out like a fire in the House of Joseph and devour it, and there be none to quench it in Bethel." It seems to me that Amos must have priority consideration, if Joel's prophecy is to be fulfilled. At the moment, the Jewish case is being indifferently argued (in Palestine) before the United Nations in session (elsewhere).

Australian Generosity.—I received this day, in perfect condition, a large parcel of groceries from Melbourne, Australia, with a tiny card inscribed with the name of a SPHERE reader hidden among the tins. To make the mouths of English housewives (among our readers) water, I list the contents:—Large tins of beef dripping, ham-loaf, marmalade, dried eggs and milk, plum pudding, "toilet" and washing soaps. Quite enough to enable me to set up as a rival to our village shop. I had only to note the faces of my womenfolk as they "went through" the parcel to realise just how much planning and pleading and hope deferred would have gone to securing this collection in this country. My first reaction was one of shame. What ancient words of mine in what old number of THE SPHERE can have suggested that our plight was so austere? We who live in the country live (at least in spring and summer) "pretty well considering," what with eggs and perhaps a cow. And in autumn we can usually "eke out" our meat ration with rabbits or a pheasant. What is truth? How, as a nation, are we placed to-day in the matter of food? Some doctors say we are dying of starvation. Some industrialists declare that the heavy workers and agricultural labourers simply cannot attain to a fair output from lack of food. Pamphleteers send me assurances that adequate food would cure our own and the world's innumerable and insoluble problems. I cannot answer these questions. I do not know how much above the average-line the ingenuity of my own womenfolk and our conditions of life raise us, as regards food. I do know that the sympathy and generosity shown to us in our present trouble by men and women in the great Dominions is the most cheerful and heartening feature in all the dismal landscape of modern life. The "old lady" is being tended and comforted and cosseted by her younger relations to an extent which almost convicts her of fraud.

FRANCE HONOURS MR. CHURCHILL—BRITAIN'S WARTIME PREMIER AND M. RAMADIER, FRANCE'S SOCIALIST PREMIER, AT THE HOTEL MATIGNON, PARIS, AFTER MR. CHURCHILL HAD RECEIVED THE MEDAILLE MILITAIRE AND THE CROIX DE GUERRE: The Medaille Militaire, which is presented to N.C.O.s of the French Army but not to serving officers, is paradoxically enough also the highest honour which can be bestowed on a foreign statesman or soldier who has won the esteem of the French Republic. Mr. Churchill received a tremendous ovation in Paris, and was visibly moved during the ceremony in the courtyard of the Invalides. Mr. Churchill is seen wearing the uniform of Colonel of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. M. Ramadier, as a sergeant, won the Medaille Militaire for gallantry in 1914. He succeeded M. Blum as Socialist Premier earlier in the year

The Gardens Scheme.—The scheme for opening gardens in aid of District and Q.I. Nursing is now in full swing, and despite the ravages of frost and snow, flood and lack of sunshine, it is going strong. It is so admirable a scheme for the encouragement of gardeners and of friendliness and brotherhood among people of good will, no less than for its prime object, that the originator's name should be on record with the pioneers of daylight saving, the Two Minutes' Silence, and so forth. Who was it? I have forgotten, if I ever knew. I record these notes for the attention of local organisers: 1. Let no garden owner, however diffident, however small his garden, fear to open it. One's neighbours are more neighbourly than ever before, and more generous. 2. If the high spots are not at their best in your flower garden (and they never are) on the chosen day, your visitors will be just as keen to see your cabbage patch (which is much more important) and the seedlings in your "extensive range of hothouses"—which may measure (like mine) 10 ft. by 4 ft. 3. If the cabbage patch is non-existent, offer a cup of tea and a bun. "Teas available" is a winner. In my experience visitors are almost more keen to see the inside of the ugliest villa than the formal gardens of a Chatsworth. 4. Everyone should be in on this charming method of "taking in each other's washing" to tide over district nursing for a precarious year or so before it falls totally and directly on your pocket and mine.

Spring with a Rush.—Golly, what a rush! This is spring on the Russian model. Yesterday winter. To-day a riot, a feast, of colour. Everything bursting out at once, and gradations and dates and series all abandoned. It 's too late, of course, for the hundred generous visitors to my "opening day" who subscribed near £7 for the nurses and saw . . . a fine crop of daisies on my unmowed lawn and little else! Pink and white and gold and purple, scarlet, pearl, opal and sapphire, tumbling, dripping, dropping, mingling, and every garden bird in the chorus. Is this the same country as that in which we lived an igloo agony . . . only yesterday?

THE OLD STAGER

THE SECOND CAMBERLEY CONFERENCE

Lord Montgomery Presides Over 180 Senior Officers of the Three Services

Last August, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein held the first of his conferences with senior officers of the three Services from Home and Overseas Commands. The idea behind these meetings is to co-ordinate a common policy of training, embracing lessons learnt in action and the latest developments in scientific warfare. In the first conference, many matters of welfare for the men were also discussed, and a special point was made that young National Service recruits should have opportunities of general education similar to those available to a civilian. This becomes of particular importance in view of the National Service Bill. The second conference began early this month and was attended by 180 senior officers and two civilians

THE RELIEF MODEL OF AN INVASION LANDING BEACH USED BY FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, C.I.G.S., IN THE SECOND OF HIS SERIES OF CONFERENCES AND SECRET DISCUSSIONS: "Exercise Spearhead" was held at the Staff College, Camberley, and was attended by 180 senior officers of the three Services, from Home and Overseas Commands

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY MAKES A POINT: Standing either side of the C.I.G.S. are Vice-Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich; Air Marshal Sir James Robb, C.-in-C. Fighter Command; and General Sir John Crocker, G.O.C. Southern Command, recently appointed to command Middle East Land Forces

"BOFFINS" AMONG THE "BRASS HATS": Two civilians sat with the Service Chiefs in the secret discussions at Camberley. They are second and third from the right of the picture. Sir Henry Tizard is Chairman of the Defence Research Policy Committee, and Dr. O. H. Wanborough-Jones an expert on chemical warfare and scientific adviser to the War Council

"MONTY'S" CLASSROOM: A general view of some of the 180 senior officers of the British Army, Navy and Air Force who were present at the second conference at the Staff College, Camberley

b

A SPRING MORNING IN GORKI STREET, MOSCOW: The Red Army officer and his wife, both well and warmly clad, provide a marked contrast to those walking just behind. On the left of the picture a woman street-cleaner is at work

WHAT LIFE IS LIKE in MOSCOW in 1947

A Glimpse Behind the Iron Curtain of Europe

What is life like in Russia? How has the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics survived the devastation of the war years? Is she gaining strength rapidly behind that iron curtain she has erected between herself and the West? These, and a multitude of similar questions, excite the interest of the world to-day, and, as a result of the return of the correspondents who visited the Moscow Conference, we can now say that we have at least a better idea of what is going on in the country than before the Conference began. The pictures on these pages, taken with much difficulty and only after permission had been obtained through Mr. Molotov, show life in Moscow in the spring of 1947, nearly two years after the completion of the world war. Some of them are particularly revealing, and there is no doubt that Russia, in these days of reconstruction following the German devastation, is faced with appalling industrial problems and that her people are having to endure considerable hardships. This authoritarian state is far from being a classless society, for there is a new wealthy element in the community, who have the money-power to buy in the luxury shops, but in Moscow, at any rate, nobody starves, and the trend of well-being is definitely upwards, although markedly slow. The children give evidence of being particularly well-cared for. The theatre is very much a living force in the life of the capital, with all classes flocking to see the ballet.

THE THIRST FOR NEWS IS GREAT: In Moscow the wall newspaper is particularly popular. Soviet Russia has many languages, and each has its own newspapers. It will be years, however, before illiteracy is completely conquered throughout the Union

CAVIARE FOR THE PROLETARIAT: This is the fish and caviare counter in the Gastronom, the shop in Gorki Street where Moscow citizens can buy food over and above their normal meagre ration, which is obtained in the State Store. Nearly every citizen uses this free market store, but most people can only afford its luxuries to a very limited degree. Fish is usually about the cheapest item

EQUAL PAY FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO DO EQUAL WORK IS THE RULE OF THE DAY IN MODERN RUSSIA: A man and woman working side by side relaying blocks in one of the main thoroughfares of the capital. Spring has only just made its belated appearance, and the girl wears a heavily-padded coat as protection against icy winds

CLOTHES ARE FAR FROM PLENTIFUL IN THE SHOPS: This rather drab Moscow window display is typical. The clothes are of only fair quality and some are very inferior, reflecting the clothing industry's difficulties

ONE OF MOSCOW'S LUXURY SHOPS: A silversmith's with a display of goods far beyond the reach of the average citizen. Only the high Army or Navy officer or the well-paid business executive can buy here

IN MOSCOW'S SPACIOUS THOROUGHFARES THE PEDESTRIAN HAS TO MAKE A DASH FOR IT: An overhead view of a Gorki Street intersection. The traffic lights are suspended in the centre of the cross-roads, and as there is no amber light the vehicles move on without much warning, often leaving pedestrians stranded in the middle of the roadway. The two single-decker trolley buses in the middle distance are of very modern appearance. On the whole, however, the transport system is inadequate, as it has not kept pace with the remarkable increase in Moscow's population

AS WINTER TURNS TO SPRING: Children, still well wrapped up against the cold, playing in their school yard. They are a healthy-looking group, testifying to the way in which the Soviet cared for youth in the war

HONOURING THE MEMORY OF THE ARCHITECT OF REVOLUTION—CITIZENS OF MOSCOW STILL FLOCK TO LENIN'S TOMB: A long line waiting in the Red Square to file past the embalmed body of the leader, whose name has achieved a legendary significance. Crowds are to be seen at the tomb every day of the week, but they naturally tend to be greater on the more important anniversaries in the Russian calendar

MILK FOR THE MOSCOW MARKET: Wearing rubber boots and wadded coats, dairy workers arrive with their 2-gallon cans. Moscow is just emerging from a typically cold winter

EVERYONE GOES TO THE THEATRE IN MOSCOW—WORKERS IN THE FOYER OF THE TSCHAIKOVSKY HALL DURING AN INTERVAL IN A DANCING DISPLAY: Russia may be facing a post-war food crisis, she may be beset by multitudinous industrial problems, but the living theatre, with emphasis on the ballet, is made available to all, and every factory and Government department receives its allocation of tickets. Russia's dancers are well paid for their services, and on the whole they can live a life of comfort and luxury, but they are expected to work as hard as any other citizen

THE SOUTHERN REDOUBT STILL PULSATES

Tyrol's Surviving Nazi Element is Dangerously Active

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AROUND me in the streets of Innsbruck this lovely Tyrolean springtime are magnificent specimens of young men, in the shortest of shorts, with the waviest of hair, with the honeyest of complexions. Gay with embroidery are their breastworks, cocky the feathers in their hats. They stroll with an indolent elegance, all bare, beautiful legs, hands thrust in shorts. They are of constant interest to me, as I believe them to be the only examples of their kind currently on public view.

They are openly what so many young Germans are inwardly. These young Austrians make no bones about it. If you speak to them, they 'll as likely as not start a Hitler harangue in your face. It has happened to me and to a Danish friend, not once, but several times these past few days. They begin quietly and politely, then get steamed up until, upon my word, the flow revives memories of similar encounters in Munich in 1938!

Usually what starts them off is when you tell them how much better are their clothes and physical condition than in England. They don't believe a word of that; not one single word of any of our trials do they believe. But mention of them ignites the insolence: "Why did you get rid of Hitler? Things were far better under him." And then we 're off, quite like old times.

One of them stopped me and enquired, with all the charm of *The Dancing Years* and *Perchance to Dream* combined, why the R.A.F. had bombed Innsbruck, which was merely a tourist centre. The proper reply, of which I thought too late, would have been: "Why did an Austrian start two World Wars—Berchtold in 1914 and Hitler in 1939?" Instead I found myself telling the beautiful boy (the place is full of students) that parts of beaten armies were using Innsbruck in the last days and that the Americans did the bombing, anyway. I did, however, ask the lad if he were still a Ha-Jotte, and that shook him just the smallest bit, because Ha-Jotte are the initials H.J., standing for Hitler Jugend.

A second Ha-Jotte informed my friend that the R.A.F. had burned down the synagogue in the Jewish quarter, whereas this place of worship was attended to, early on, by the Ha-Jottes themselves. Questions about Jews apparently caused a sheepish look. There doesn't seem to be any left round here.

Now let 's get things square. I write of a small part of Austria only, and I 'm not depicting even that as "a Nazi hot-bed." Equally so, however, it won't do to brush matters aside with "He 's just been meeting with a few high-spirited youths," or "What 's the Tyrol, anyway?" The Tyrolese are an independent mountain people, who have long asserted themselves at a crucial European cross-roads, while the same tenor of talk which the Ha-Jottes openly affect lies not far beneath the refusal to recognise how easily they got off, of a much wider circle.

I 've not come across more misplaced grousing, and not far from it is to be detected the same hankering after the recent past alike by Christian-Democrats (People's Party) and Socialists as steams up with the male Ha-Jotte and takes the form of a lighter, yet no less effective, disdain in the case of the female.

It is just one of those human puzzles: how people born to such encircling loveliness can still be identified with the late foulness; but there it is.

The French have done their best to drive home that Tyrol and Vorarlberg have only suffered since 1945, and that their sufferings are demonstrably light compared with what France went through for five years. These folk will not see that they have been let off more lightly than any transgressors of like kidney in the past. They have grouses, of course. They are hungry and have to use their savings on the black market. They didn't get South Tyrol. No one likes even the lightest of foreign occupations. There 's a severe hold-up of local life and industries and delay (!) in making good relatively slight war damage, much of which was caused by their own skedaddling forces.

Not so formidable a list when one takes it beside the health-giving ease of life in such surroundings (I think of the Ruhr), beside an 8 to 1 baby-roll over death-roll, and beside what the French have done for these folk. They really did come in here "*en amis et non en conquérants.*" The first shock over, they took from the Zone for the occupying troops food which amounted to but 2 per cent. of what was brought into the Zone to feed the population. Now they take nothing but some milk for a few hundred French children.

Because the Tyrolese constantly groused about house and hotel requisitioning and occupation costs, the French, when they did away with Military Government, substituted only 700 supervising agents for a population of 500,000, and a few thousand troops scattered at salient points.

In order to restart Tyrol's chief industry, tourism, the French cleared out of a lot of hotels last winter, while arranging that the food which would have gone to them had they remained requisitioned went to them all the same, to be presented to Austrian hoteliers so that they should feed their tourist clients, quite a number of whom were British.

The French would like to do the same this summer, but the cost is hard to bear and the food hard to come by. They know that tourists would revive a second industry, craftsmanship, the while the other three—timber, stock-breeding and electric power—continue in the doldrums. They know, also, that French tourists (provided they are at this stage selected!) can advance the prime of object of the French Occupation, which has all through been the cultural one.

The French rightly see these Tyrol folk as looking towards the West and South, away from the East, and barred from looking to the North (Bavaria), and they have made a bold bid to put over the French Idea. But our allies are under no illusions as to the possibility of their work being pushed aside shortly after they go, which will be any day that the Foreign Ministers agree to implement an Austrian Treaty. They would not be surprised if a neo-Nazism showed itself in Tyrol at a less-retarded date than appeared conceivable a year ago. It would not be Hitlerism, which is dead—as a failure rather than as anything else—but something new.

A leading French authority was explicit. "To de-Nazify this region," he said, "we would have to put the whole of Tyrol in prison." And he went on to give his opinion that if a neo-Nazism should make its appearance, here would be the place, in Tyrol. He nodded at my street experiences and agreed that the famous "Southern Redoubt" that never came to life because Hitler went to death is still pulsating in this halcyon region which was to have been a corner of it.

Responsible French on the spot consider that three mistakes already made, and a fourth in prospect, may lead to the rise of a neo-Nazism.

Firstly, the term "liberated" should not have been attached to the Austrians as speedily as it was. It has made a great difference in one vital respect, treating them as a liberated and not as a conquered people. The Austrians are sly customers, and were not long in drawing the obvious advantage. The word "liberated" implied that they had been freed from something which had held them against their wills. *Ergo*, they were unwilling victims of Hitler, and—second *ergo*—the de-Nazification of such constrained ones must be the lightest of processes. Which is precisely what it has been.

Both political parties (Communists are practically nil) demanded in as many words that the purging be the least handicap to material recovery. Such was to be the yardstick, not degree of guilt. The puissant Church added its quota of pressure when the Archbishop of Salzburg and the Bishops of Linz and Innsbruck as good as requested a wiping-out of punishment which "offended the Christian conscience." What befell under Hitler is the responsibility of the collectivity, not of individuals, runs the gambit.

The effect is already great. The French retain only 800 listed as war criminals. They have handed to the Austrians 2,000 active Nazis who should soon be on the streets again.

Secondly, political parties were re-introduced before the terrain had been adequately prepared.

Thirdly, the South Tyrol should not have been left to Italy but ought to have been united with North Tyrol, which is a poor country without its sunny pastures. Tyrol is a concrete economic entity—as an instance, the whole Innsbruck Valley is now totally bereft of wine and fruit which it used to get in abundance from Bolzano and Meran, and which meant much in the way of calories nourishment.

Fourthly, there is the intention to quit Austria as soon as possible, without leaving any Allied supervision. A foretaste of what may happen if this is done has been given in Tyrol, where you hear it said that "things were better under Military Government." The Austrians are messing their own affairs. Should they be left to their own resources and, above all, after the Russians have been allowed to retain a controlling hold on Austrian industry by possession of German assets in the eastern part of the country, then there will follow economic collapse.

And neo-Nazism will draw its first openly adventuring sinews therefrom.

Such is the French belief, and they are better than others at reading through Teutons. They also read that if the Americans put the southern Germans too swiftly on their feet, which they look like doing, then the chances of neo-Nazism flowering in the Redoubt *manque*—which, recollect, extended widely over South Bavaria—Austria would notably appreciate.

COAL-GETTING IN THE RUHR AND THE RHINELAND

IN THE FRANKFURT-WIESBADEN AREA THERE IS A NEW SPIRIT IN THE COALFIELDS: These two pictures were taken in the United States Zone, where increased rations and clothing, and also the offer of accommodation, have brought many young people to the pits. *Left*—Three young volunteer miners taking their evening meal in the barracks which have been set aside for their use. *Right*—Volunteer miners bring out their tenth tram, adorning the front and sides with chalk decorations announcing the success of their efforts. This new spirit in the coalfields of the American Zone is in marked contrast to recent disturbing news from the Ruhr in the British Zone, where hunger-marchers have made their appearance and there have been several riots of recent weeks

MARCHING THROUGH DUISBURG—RUHR WORKERS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST FOOD SHORTAGES: These hunger-marchers included many coal-miners, and there is no doubt that coal-getting throughout the Ruhr is being handicapped by existing shortages. The men find the work in the pits almost impossible on such inadequate meat rations, but they also find that their work in the mines leaves them no time to go into the countryside to hunt for food on behalf of their families

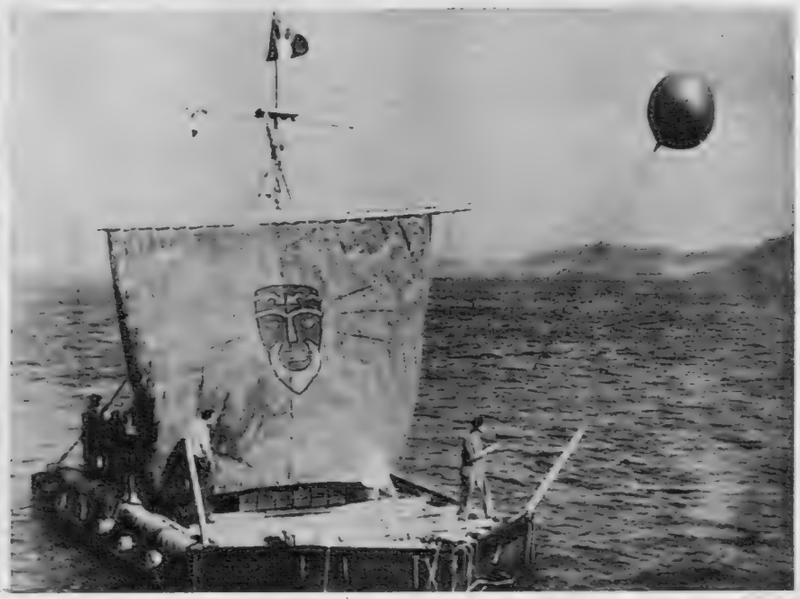
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

AVAK "THE FAITH HEALER" IN CAIRO: This twenty-year-old Armenian, who wears a monk's gown and is reputed to have effected remarkable cures, recently drew a vast throng of sufferers to the Armenian Patriarchate in Cairo. Dr. Sedo Teheran Drestor, who accompanied Avak, declared that the young Armenian had already cured a number of people whose cases were thought to be beyond hope. In answer to an appeal by the Californian wine king, Mr. Arakalian, Avak is shortly to visit the United States. Mr. Arakalian's daughter is paralysed

HE CAME TO SEE THE FAITH HEALER: A cripple is carried into the Armenian Patriarchate in Cairo, where he sought an audience with Avak in the hope of being restored to health

KING FAROUK'S SISTERS AT A CAIRO HOSPITAL: The Empress Fawzia (second from left), Consort of the Shah of Persia, and Princess Faiza (right) visiting the kitchens during a tour of the Mohamed Ali el Kelir Hospital. The Empress Fawzia is the eldest of King Farouk's four sisters, all of whom are famed for their good looks. Their mother is Queen Nazli



ACROSS THE PACIFIC ON A RAFT: Six young Scandinavian scientists set off on a 4,000-mile journey to test an emigration theory. Sending up a weather balloon at the beginning of the expedition. A theory exists that the South Sea Islands of the Tuamotu Archipelago were first populated by South American Indians. If the theory is correct, they must have crossed the Pacific by drifting on their primitive rafts. Thor Heyerdahl and five young scientists decided to test the possibility of such a crossing and, accordingly, set out in the 50-ft. by 20-ft. raft, pictured above. The expedition has been named "Kon-Tiki" (Peruvian word for the sun god) and a device representing it can be seen on the sail. The young adventurers hope to reach the Marquesas in 16 days

THE BULL'S REVENGE—PICTURES FROM THE SPANISH AND PROVENÇAL BULLRINGS REVEAL THE TOREADOR AT BAY: *Left*—Albaicin, the gipsy toreador, lifted on the horns of his opponent in the Madrid arena. The spectators thought that he had been killed or gravely injured, but, as it happened, he emerged bruised but intact. Note the pair of banderillas clinging to the bull's shoulder. It is the planting of these vicious darts that maddens the bull at the start of the contest. *Right*—Another scene of retribution. It was taken in the arena at Arles as the toreador, Lulu Eyrand, hurled himself into the stand to escape the horns of the charging bull. Bull-fighting in Provence often assumes this comic-opera character, and in some arenas the fighting is distinctly unskilled

AN AERIAL FREIGHTER LEAVES BRITAIN'S FIRST GOODS-ONLY AIRPORT—THE EX-HALIFAX BOMBER "PORT OF SYDNEY" TAKING OFF FROM STANSTED MOUNTFICHET, NEAR BISHOP'S STORTFORD, ESSEX, EN ROUTE TO CANADA (VIA PRESTWICK): This is the start of a world-wide aerial goods service pioneered by a London company which took over Stansted in 1946 and has converted it from its wartime function as an American big-bomber base. As a goods-yard of the air, Stansted is conveniently situated only 30 miles along the Cambridge arterial road from London's commercial side. The airport's own transport will play their part in the distribution and collection of cargoes throughout Britain, and it has its own main-line railway siding. Pilots flying from any part of the world into Stansted will find an airport easy of approach over flat country, with runways 1,500 to 2,000 yards long. Runways are equipped with sodium flares and every modern aid for blind flying and landing. Dispersal points for at least sixty aircraft are arranged round the four-mile perimeter track. All the freight aircraft, which are painted in blue, are being named after prominent ports, *Port of London*, *Port of Marseilles*, *Port of Oslo* and *Port of Naples* being among those chosen

Aviation News

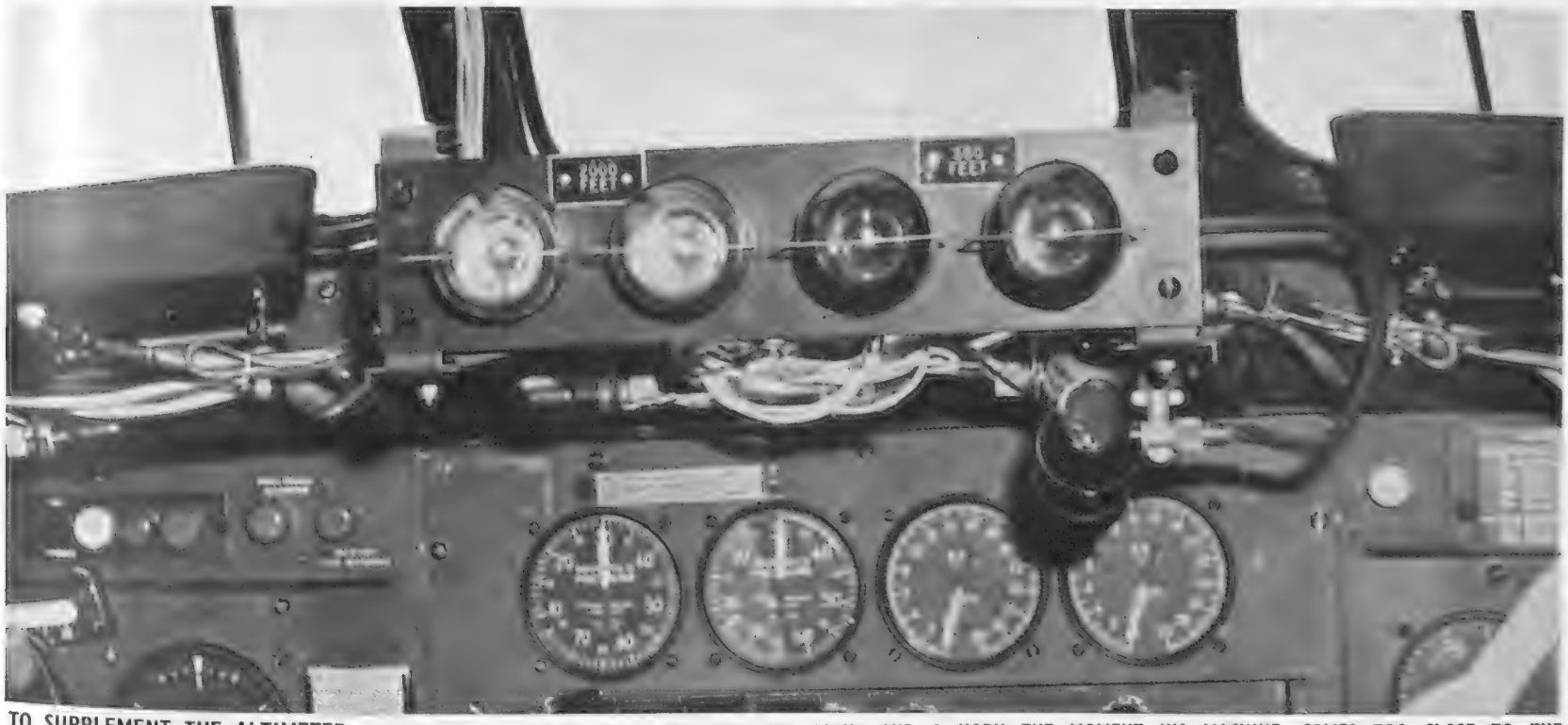
STANSTED, LONDON'S AERIAL GOODS-YARD

The Vampire and the Nene: The Concordia at Southampton: Radar for Air-Liners

Below—**THE TWIN-ENGINED TEN-SEATER CONCORDIA MAKES ITS BOW: Built and designed at Southampton by Cunliffe Owen, it is to be used on British inland routes. It has a top speed of 226 m.p.h., and is specially adapted for journeys of under 500 miles, enabling it to carry freight and passengers at economical rates. This picture, taken at Southampton Airport, shows in the background a number of converted Lancasters**

A DE HAVILLAND VAMPIRE FIGHTER IS FITTED EXPERIMENTALLY WITH A ROLLS-ROYCE NENE ENGINE: A close-up of the machine in flight, showing how external airscoops (elephant's ears) have been fitted to the top of the cowling to feed air to the rear face of the double-side Nene impeller. This machine has attained a height of 51,000 ft. over Boscombe Down. It has been known for some time that the Rolls-Royce Nene engine has been tried experimentally in the De Havilland Vampire aircraft. This is now called the Vampire Mark II, and the more powerful engine gives the Vampire a better take-off, climb and ceiling. As the airframe was not designed to take a turbine with a double-sided impeller, it cannot make use of all the thrust available from this engine. A notable feature of the Rolls-Royce Nene engine in the Vampire II is the easy starting, as well as smoothness of operation throughout the entire range of power. Another experimental installation which is to be tried in the Vampire is the De Havilland Ghost turbine of 5,000 lbs. static thrust. This should give an exceedingly high performance, but no production plan is envisaged, nor will it supplant the Gobelin

THE VOICE OF RADAR—HOWARD HUGHES DEMONSTRATES RADAR EQUIPMENT WHICH WARNS THE PILOT OF DANGER AHEAD NOT ONLY VISUALLY, BUT BY THE SOUNDING OF A HORN IN THE COCKPIT OF THE PLANE: Mr. Hughes is seen (left) at the controls of the radar-equipped passenger plane which he flew over Culver City, California, in a special demonstration flight. The radar lights, which are described below, are installed just below the centre wind-shield



TO SUPPLEMENT THE ALTIMETER—THE PILOT IS WARNED BY A BRILLIANT RED LIGHT AND A HORN THE MOMENT HIS MACHINE COMES TOO CLOSE TO THE GROUND OR ANY BUILDING IN ITS PATH: A close-up of the radar equipment fitted to the instrument panel of Howard Hughes's passenger plane. The two lights on the left have a 2,000-ft. range and are used to guarantee clearance over mountains, and those on the right, with a 500-ft. range, are a safety device for landings. Both sets of lights provide warning of approaching aircraft. The Trans-World Airline plans to install this type of equipment on its machines. In the past an enormous number of accidents have occurred through air-liners hitting mountain tops, and it has long been recognised that something was required to supplement the altimeter, which, by only giving heights above sea-level, is only effective when the pilot's maps are 100 per cent. reliable. Mr. Howard Hughes, who is developing the radar equipment, is the millionaire film producer and aircraft manufacturer. He is building the world's largest flying-boat

FASCISM REARS ITS HEAD AGAIN

The Old Familiar Salute in Trieste

WITH HANDS RAISED ALOFT IN THE FASCIST SALUTE: Citizens of Trieste showing their attitude towards the Communist marchers during a recent demonstration in the city. There is every evidence that Fascism is again rearing its head both in international Trieste and in many parts of Italy. The recent Sicilian elections, for instance, showed that the party of Giannini, the so-called party of the Common Man, has become a dominating factor in the affairs of the nation. That Signor Giannini's followers are indeed Fascists is not in doubt, for at many of their meetings the old familiar faces are much to the fore, and such cries as "Corsica, Tunis, Nice" still echo round the halls and secure approval

ROME OUTRAGED BY THE SICILIAN MURDERS: A procession of workers passing through the city during the demonstration held to protest against recent events in Sicily. It appears that at Piana dei Greci, south of Palermo, nine persons were killed and twenty wounded in a premeditated attack apparently arising out of local political passions. A column of Left Wing supporters were fired upon with machine-guns by unidentified assailants. The assailants are believed to have been Fascist supporters

THE MILITARY POLICE WERE OUT IN FORCE: British and American police passing through Trieste at the head of a procession of pro-Slav demonstrators. The earlier Italian demonstration was marred by the behaviour of Fascist hooligan elements

A FIRE HOSE SUBDUED THE ARDENT SPIRIT OF THE MOB: A member of the Trieste police directing a hose on to a building where pro-Italian semi-Fascist elements were becoming troublesome

THE STORMING OF ACRE GAOL

251 Prisoners Freed by Irgun and Stern Gang Gunmen

Acre, key to Palestine, the town that Napoleon could not take, and which has endured sieges in nearly every century of its history, was the scene, on May 4, of the most skilfully planned manœuvre yet staged by the gunmen of Irgun and the Stern Gang. It appears that the prison wall was breached by explosives on the town side near the Arab market about the time that the prisoners are regularly exercised in the prison yard. The attackers had arrived, dressed in military uniforms, in about ten cars and lorries. As the attack began the prisoners overpowered the warders and streamed out, being taken away in the lorries. A number of criminal lunatics were slightly wounded when grenades were thrown in their section of the prison as part of a diversionary attack. Five Jewish terrorists were killed. There were no British casualties

A WAY OUT FOR TRANSGRESSORS: The dried-up moat of Acre Prison, North Palestine, showing the two windows from which the iron grilles were blasted by terrorists, thus enabling 251 prisoners to make their escape. Of the freed convicts 131 were Arabs and 120 were Jews

HOW THE IRGUN AND STERN GANG TERRORISTS PREPARED THE WAY FOR THE 251 PRISONERS TO BREAK OUT OF ACRE GAOL: *Left*—The iron gate, since chained, which was blown open at the end of the corridor leading to the prisoners' exercise yard. *Centre*:—Men of the 6th Airborne Division on guard at one of the holes made in the main walls of the prison. *Right*:—Another view of the smashed gate. The whole plan of escape was carefully co-ordinated, and it was obvious that the prisoners knew exactly what had been planned. The moment the bombs exploded they streamed through the iron gateway and through the two big holes in the wall. Terrorists provided covering small-arms fire on the gaol guards to assist the prisoners in their dash for freedom

IT RESISTED NAPOLEON'S CANNON-BALLS, BUT WAS WIDE OPEN TO THE PALESTINIAN TERRORISTS: An exterior view of Acre gaol taken before the mass escape. It has now been taken over by members of the 6th Airborne Division. It was at this gaol that Gruner was executed, a sentence that led to a new wave of terrorism

A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH IN THE TOWN OF ACRE: Men of the 6th Airborne Division patrolling an area in which it was suspected that several of the escaped prisoners had gone into hiding. The Police patrols also operated in the surrounding countryside

THE CHARM OF OLD BLACKHEATH: An artist's impression of the southern end of the Heath where there are many picturesque and charming houses. The news that Lewisham Council proposes to build working-class flats on the south side of Blackheath has evoked strong protests from those interested in the preservation of the Georgian characteristics of the area. A public inquiry into the matter was held recently at Catford Town Hall, when the chairman of Blackheath Preservation Trust was a principal witness—*Drawing by Percy Home*

BLACKHEATH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD: A sketch-map of the historic Heath, showing how this high-lying tract is traversed by Shooter's Hill Road. The areas threatened by building development are on the south side of the Heath near Tranquil Vale

THE THREAT TO GEORGIAN BLACKHEATH

Londoners Leap to the Defence of an Area Threatened by Building Development

THE BREEZY UPLAND OF BLACKHEATH: This was the rallying ground of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade in the medieval rebellions, and from the earliest times it has been the scene of stirring events in British history. Among those fighting for its preservation from building development is Lord Esher, Chairman of the Council of Civic Societies

GEORGIAN CHARM AND SIMPLICITY: Old houses on the threatened south side of Blackheath, for long a favourite haunt of Londoners in the Greenwich, Woolwich and Lewisham areas

In the past twenty-five years Britain has been threatened with the loss of much of its finest Georgian architecture. Supreme examples of the Regency style have been threatened by the encroachment of modern builders. Invariably, however, men have leapt to the defence of these places, as witness the safeguarding of Hove's Brunswick Square in 1946, and, only lately, the Nash Terraces in Regent's Park. So it is with Blackheath. The recent public inquiry at Catford Town Hall made it quite plain that there is a large body of opinion determined to preserve the Georgian characteristics of the Blackheath district, and while no one is churlish enough to mind the continued temporary existence of Nissen huts, which are providing homes for bombed-out families, it is felt that the erection of flats on the south side would be an architectural tragedy. Blackheath's history goes back much farther than the Georgian era. As the rallying ground of Wat Tyler (1381), Jack Cade (1451) and Audley, leader of the Cornish rebels, who was captured there by the troops of Henry VII in 1497, it has an honoured place in the scroll of freedom. Blackheath also witnessed the acclamations of the citizens of London on the return of Henry V from the victory of Agincourt, the formal meeting between Henry VIII and Anne of Cleves, and that between the Army of the Restoration and Charles II.

A BREEZY UPLAND HIGH ABOVE LONDON'S CROWDED STREETS—T... W... the line of the ancient Watling Street, along which the Roman Le... proximity to Woolwich, many of its fine old houses suffered bomb ...

MELLOWED BRICK AND CLASSIC LINES—TWO HOUSES ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HEATH: *Left*—This dignified house is at the end of West Grove, and from its rear windows commands a sweeping view of the Thames. The house on the right is also in West Grove. This part of the Heath is not threatened by development

BLACKHEATH ALREADY HAS SOME DISFIGUREMENTS: Nissen huts, used by the Air Defence of Great Britain during the war, have now been taken over as temporary homes. The necessity for their temporary continuance is generally recognised, but, as Lord Esher pointed out in his recent letter to the Press, they give a forlorn appearance to the Heath. Two colonies of prefabricated houses have also been erected on the Heath, and while the importance of these is realised, it is argued by those who would protect the amenities of the area that blocks of flats, as proposed by Lewisham Council, would be disastrous. The golfing fraternity also have a particular interest in Blackheath as it was there in 1608 that the game was first introduced to England by James I and his followers

WIDE EXPANSE OF BLACKHEATH COVERING AN AREA OF 267 ACRES IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON: On the left is the Shooter's Hill Road, which follows approximately ns marched from the Sussex coast to the Thames. During the war Blackheath was a focal point in the anti-aircraft defences of London, and, owing no doubt to its mage. The area on the left of this picture slopes towards Greenwich Park, and that on the right leads towards Tranquil Vale and the "village" of Blackheath

The RETURN of KING CHARLES

Le Sueur's Celebrated Statue of the Martyr King is Back on its Pedestal in Trafalgar Square: Queen Anne Comes to Life

KING CHARLES I AGAIN RIDES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: The statue, which was sent during the war for safe keeping to Lord Rosebery's Mentmore estate and has now been thoroughly refurbished, seen as it was about to be hoisted back to its former pedestal at the head of Whitehall

QUEEN ANNE IS HERSELF AGAIN: This statue of the Queen in the costume of the Order of the Garter was protected by a brick covering during the war and this has just been removed. The statue was erected early in the eighteenth century in Queen Anne's Gate by William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. Even better known is the statue of the Queen outside St. Paul's, upon which the wits commented, "Brandy Nan, you're left in the lurch, with your face to the gin-shop, your back to the church"

On right—ONCE AGAIN SECURE UPON ITS PLINTH: The King Charles I statue raised by block and tackle to its former position

FIXING THE BLOCK AND TACKLE BEFORE THE HOISTING OF THE CHARLES I STATUE ON TO ITS PEDESTAL IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: After the statue was brought back to London last year it underwent repairs in the Office of Works Yard in St. James's Park

The statues are rapidly reappearing in London these days. The evacuees, like King Charles I, are back upon their plinths, and the pedestals of others, like Queen Anne, which remained during the blitz, are being shorn of their brick surrounds. As one newspaper inelegantly described it, "Queen Anne is now de-bricked." The statue of King Charles was the work of Herbert Le Sueur, a pupil of Giovanni Bologna. It was cast in 1633, being the first equestrian statue in England. It has had many vicissitudes and also a narrow escape from being melted down when it was sold by the Roundheads to a brasier named John Rivett. Rivett buried the statue instead of melting it down, and at the Restoration it was produced from its hiding-place undamaged. In 1674, twenty-five years after the King's execution, it was set up at Charing Cross on the pedestal carved by Joshua Marshall. King Charles's statue is to receive a new sword and badge of the Order of the Garter, known as the Lesser George. These will replace the originals, stolen in 1844 on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit in State to the City to open the Royal Exchange.

THE COST OF COAL

Nine Killed in the Barnsley Main Disaster

Nine miners were killed and twenty-one injured last week in the first serious disaster since the coal-mines were taken over by the National Coal Board. A sheet of flame 720 ft. below ground swept through No. 3 district of the Kent Thick Seam at Barnsley Main Colliery at 12.10 p.m., just before the morning shift was due to end. A spark from an electric cable is thought to have caused the explosion. Among the injured were several fifteen-year-old boys who had been working in the mine only a few months. One eye-witness of the disaster declared: "I was just walking away from the face to do some timbering when there was a crash, a roar and a flash. Then there was a terrible wind. I was thrown several yards on to my back. All the miners' lamps went out and many were trapped by girders and fallen roof."

THE KILLED AND INJURED ARE BROUGHT OUT FROM BARNSLEY MAIN: Relatives and friends wait at the pithead for the latest tidings and watch one of the casualties being carried to the ambulances. Nine men lost their lives and twenty-one were injured

A RESCUE TEAM EMERGES: A casualty being carried by stretcher from the pithead. Of the twenty-one men who went into the Barnsley Becket Hospital, nineteen had to be detained

TWO OF THE INJURED IN THE BECKET HOSPITAL: John Chambers, of Hendray, and Horace Jones, of Barnsley, both of them suffering from severe burns to the face, being attended by nurses

THE TIME OF ANXIOUS WAITING AT THE PITHEAD: Miners and their relatives crowd the vicinity of the pit shaft at Barnsley Main when waiting to hear news of the casualties being brought up from 720 ft. below ground. On the left is one of the ambulances which rushed the injured to the Becket Hospital. Nearly all were suffering from burns

VETERANS of the SEVEN SEAS

And Two Modern Liners in the Shipping News

The world has seen in recent months the spectacle of aged, dilapidated ships limping across the Mediterranean bound for Palestine, and hopelessly overcrowded with illegal immigrants from Europe. The story of these ships, many of them mere hulks, nearly all of them veterans, which have been acquired for this illegal traffic, is long and tortuous, and it draws attention to some of the old ships which still sail the seven seas or have just ended their careers. In his drawings on these pages, Mr. Laurence Dunn deals with a number of these ancient craft, notably the *Sofia*, Sweden's last non-auxiliary sailing-ship; the *Lisa*, a Swedish ex-slaver; the *Hsin Tai*, now serving the Communists in Manchuria, and the *San Dimitrio*, the ex-Swedish coaster which a short while ago reached Haifa in a semi-sinking condition.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD ORDER IN SWEDEN: The "Sofia" (left), last sailing-ship on the Swedish Register, has now been scrapped. All other Swedish sailing-ships are listed as auxiliaries. The "Lisa" (right) is even more of a veteran, having been built in 1799, six years before Trafalgar, but she is still in regular service in Sweden. This ex-slaver is claimed as the world's oldest trading vessel, but in this respect she probably has several rivals—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*

TUGS BATTLE WITH THE "QUEEN MARY": Satellite craft fighting to hold the 81,000-ton vessel as she left the King George V Graving Dock at Southampton in the midst of a strong south-easterly wind. The wind caught the liner broadside on as she was being swung out of the dock, and at one time the bow was only 30 yards from a dredger in the new dock. The *Queen Mary* is now in the midst of her conversion from a war transport to a passenger liner, and this has included the fitting of a new bow to take the place of the prefabricated bow put in after her wartime collision with the *Curacao*

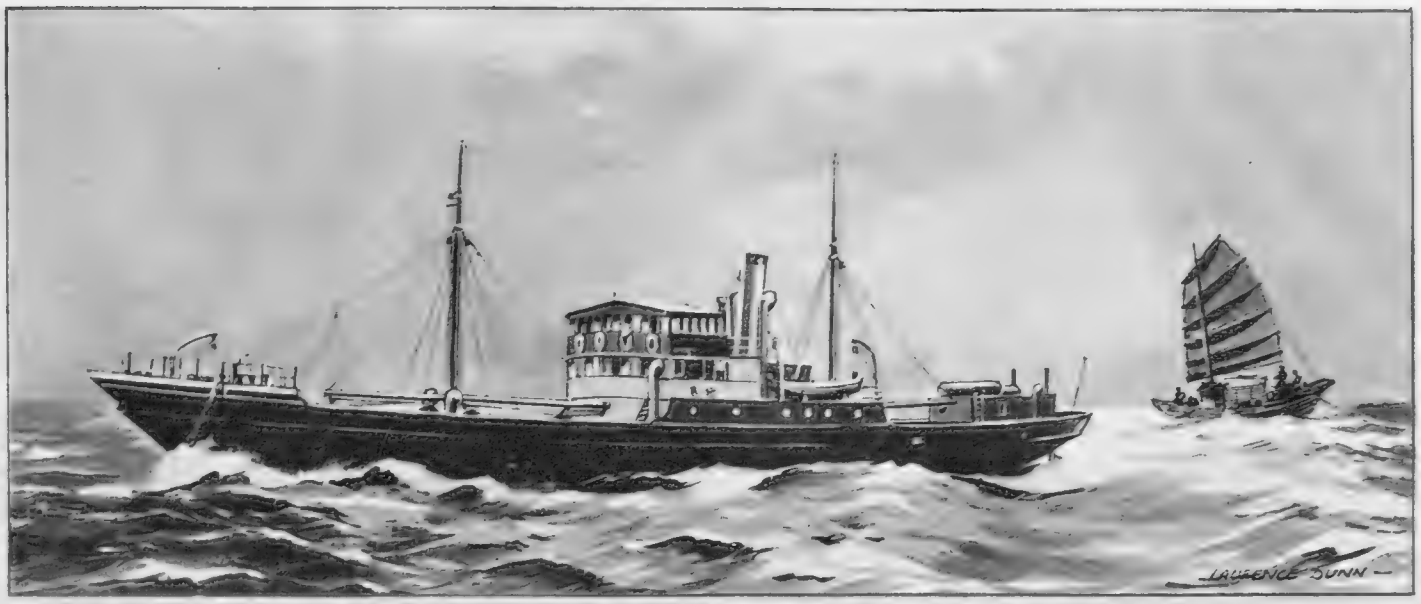
THE VOYAGE OF A FLOATING DOCK FROM INDIA TO MALTA: The dock, large enough to accommodate a 50,000-ton ship, was divided into two for the passage of the Suez Canal, and one section is seen passing through the El Firdan swing bridge. The dock was built in Bombay and it has been towed to Grand Harbour, Valetta, by Admiralty tugs, the journey being accomplished at an average rate of about 5 knots. Above the dock an R.A.F. spotting plane keeps watch. The second section can be seen a mile or two away in the background of the picture. This towing feat formed the subject of a special drawing in THE SPHERE of April 19, 1947

The *Sofia* (1883), which has just been scrapped, belonged to the Roslag type, a speedy class evolved on the Roslag coast, east of Stockholm. Last autumn her sails were torn during a gale, and after this she made a few more trips in tow before being laid up and scrapped.

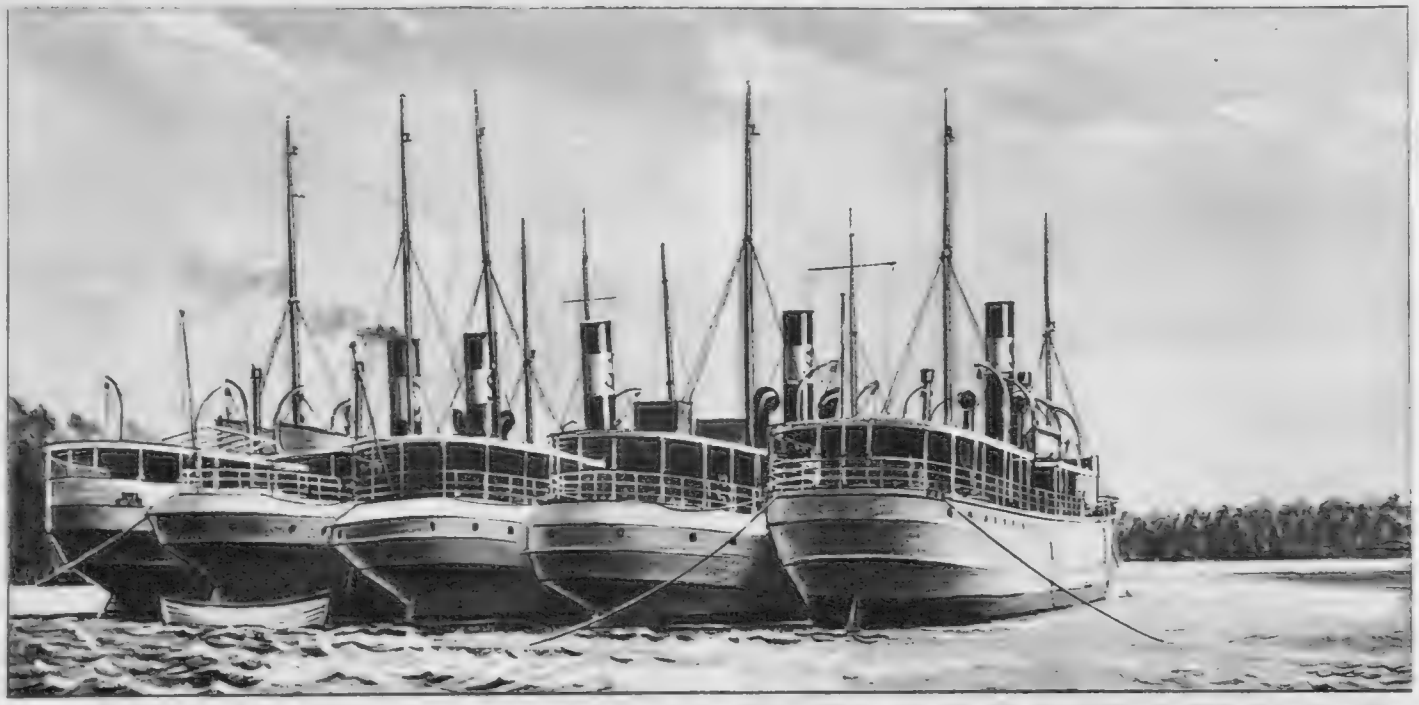
Another Swedish ship, the *Lisa*, is regarded as being the oldest trading vessel still in active service. Built 148 years ago in Denmark, she was first used by the Danish Government for carrying provisions to Greenland. After an interval, when nothing is known of her activities, she became a slaver, operating between Africa and South America. Returning to more respectable service on the Baltic and coasting trades, she has in recent years been carrying such blameless cargoes as firewood, cement and salt.

Turning to steamers, the oldest one in Lloyd's Register is the Chinese *Hsin Tai*. As the *Tungus*, she was built of iron at St. Petersburg as far back as 1840. Last year she fell into the hands of the Communists, and she is now operating between Dairen and Chefoo for the Northern Communist Army.

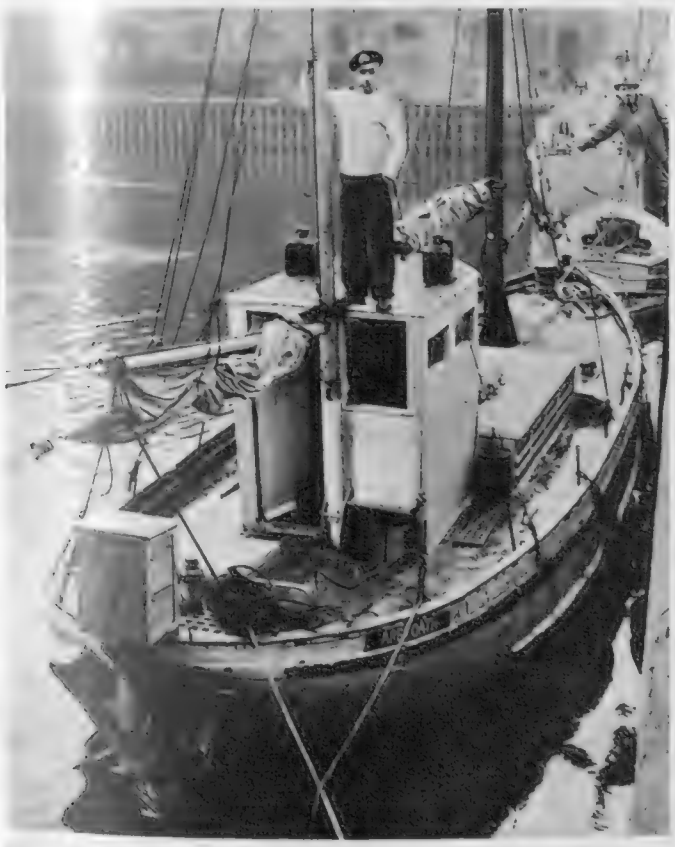
Late last year an interesting group of five very aged Swedish coasting steamers, built in the years 1871-76, were sold by the Stockholms Rederi A/B Svea to a Panamanian concern. Soon some of them achieved notoriety when caught carrying illegal Jewish immigrants to Palestine, notoriety such as they had never known before during their long history in the Swedish coasting trade. These ships were the *Sodra Sverige*, *Konung Oscar*, *Runeberg*, *Vesterbotten* and *Egil*, and after transfer were renamed *San Dimitrio*, *San Spyridon*, *San Miguel*, *San Basilio* (now stateless) and *San Filipe*.



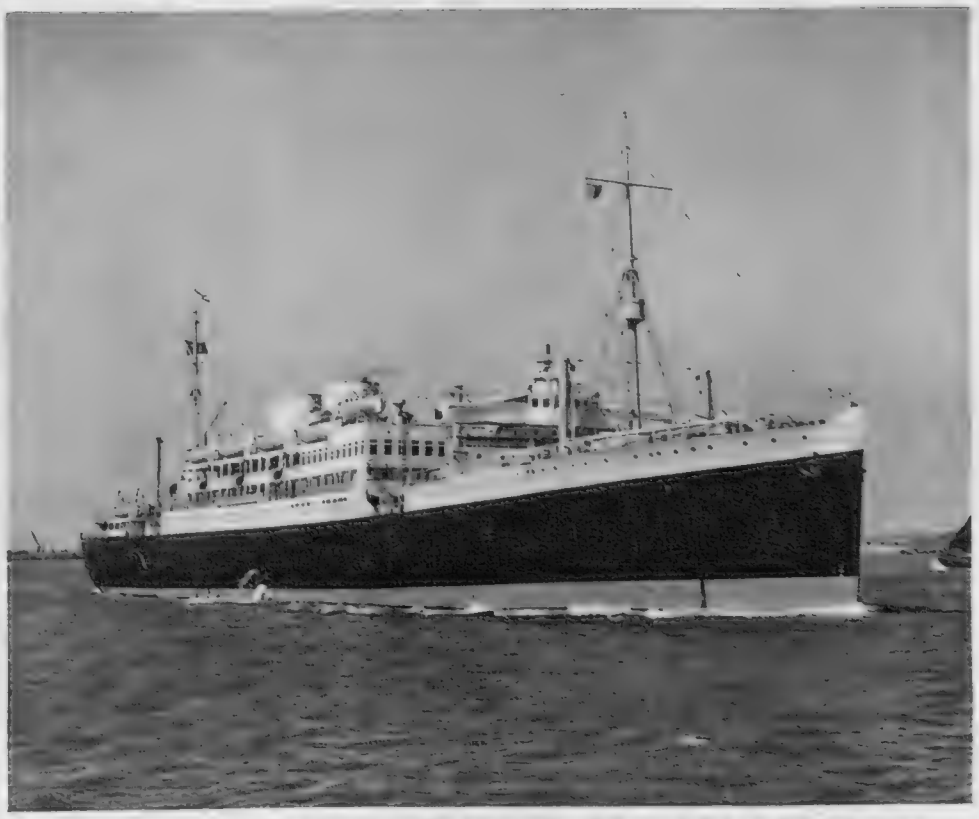
THE OLDEST STEAMER ON LLOYD'S REGISTER: The 107-year-old Chinese vessel "Hsin Tai," which has lately been operating between Dairen and Chefoo for China's Northern Communist Army. The "Hsin Tai," originally known as the "Tungus," was built at Leningrad (St. Petersburg) in 1840. She is a vessel of 481 tons and is just under 170 ft. in length—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*



FIVE SWEDISH VETERANS, SOME OF WHICH HAVE HIT THE HEADLINES IN THEIR OLD AGE: These ships, the "Sodra Sverige," "Konung Oscar," "Runeberg," "Vesterbotten" and "Egil," all built between 1871 and 1876, were sold last year to a Panamanian concern, and several of them have since appeared under new names in the Mediterranean and have been intercepted carrying Jewish illegal emigrants to Palestine. The "Sodra Sverige" is now the "San Dimitrio," which recently arrived at Haifa in a half-sinking condition.—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*



THE SAILOR OF FORTUNE IS OFF AGAIN: Captain Dod Orsborne, the man who blazoned the name "Girl Pat" round the world in 1936, when he took the little boat on a coast trip and finished up on the other side of the Atlantic, seen aboard his new boat, "Lonely Lady," in St. Catherine's Dock, London. Captain Orsborne, who was a naval commando during the war, has bought the *Lonely Lady* out of his savings as a naval officer, and he hopes to take the 40-ft. vessel on a voyage round Cape Horn. When asked what his intentions are, he said: "We are going to all the hide-outs of the pirates"



BOUND FOR ARGENTINA WITH ALMOST EMPTY HOLDS: The "Highland Brigade," high in the water on account of her lack of cargo, passing down the Thames for the open sea at the start of her latest voyage. Her cargo capacity is 6,500 tons, but, as a result of the dock strike, valuable freight was left behind in the sheds at King George V Dock. The *Highland Brigade* will bring back a cargo of meat

Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

A PLAN TO IMPROVE THE SEA DEFENCES OF SUSSEX: A view of the sea wall at Pett, which is at present protected by the wood stake-and-faggot system. This system is effective, but it wears out quickly. The East Sussex and Kent County Councils, with the aid of the Ministry of Agriculture, are in consequence co-operating with the Catchment Board to work out the plans for a £400,000 scheme for the creation of a long clay wall protected by concrete blocks and bitumen. The shape of the wall will conform with Dutch dyke-building practice

MR. SILKIN CONSIDERS THE BANKSIDE PLANS: The Minister of Town and Country Planning examining the proposed scheme for enlarging the Bankside Power Station—a scheme which has aroused the opposition of the Church authorities, because they feel it will detract from the dominance of St. Paul's, and the opposition of Lord Latham, the London County Council leader, because it interferes with the L.C.C.'s scheme for the development of the right bank of the river. Mr. Silkin is seen here standing on a roof on the Bankside site. He emphasised in a Press interview that the new Bankside building would be a good neighbour to St. Paul's and that the fears now being expressed in many quarters were not wholly justified. It is understood that the whole Bankside project is being considered by the Fine Arts Commission

IN FULL-DRESS SCARLET AGAIN: Two colour parties parade at St. Mary's Church, Balham. These men of the 8th Battalion, the Royal Fusiliers (T.A.) and the 624th Light A.-A. Regiment, R.A. (Royal Fusiliers), T.A., were taking back to their headquarters at Fusilier House, Balham, the colours of both units, which have been laid up at St. Mary's since 1939

LEARNING TO BE TRAWLERMEN: Many of these young men have left offices and factories to go to sea. They are training at the Grimsby Nautical School for one of the toughest jobs in the world; that of a trawlerman. They will be taught all the things they need to know—deck work, navigation, engineering, cooking and net-making. This is the most complete school for sailors in the world, and specialises in the training of fishermen. After three months' training, a deckhand earns £5 13s. 9d. a week, plus 12s. for every £100 of the catch. On a good trip in a deep-sea trawler he may get from £20 to £30 a week. In the picture some of the trainees are being shown how to pay out nets correctly by Mr. A. Hodson (at left, wearing hat), an experienced trawler skipper

THIS AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION WAS A FAILURE: Monocled Captain Edwin Lawton (wearing beret) is evicted from the island of Brecqhou by Steward Albert Lyons, while the Captain's son is asked to show his identity papers. The two Lawtons, it appears, sailed from St. Peter Port, Guernsey, in a boat hired for 10s. an hour, their intention being to become squatters on the small Channel Island of Brecqhou, part of the feudal domain of Mrs. Hathaway, Dame of Sark. The Dame of Sark's steward ordered the Lawtons off the island

PRIVATE VIEW DAY—THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: A scene in one of the galleries at Burlington House on Private View Day, when there was the usual large attendance, but top-hats and morning coats were still conspicuously absent

THE LONDON UNDERGROUND SYSTEM SPREADS STILL FARTHER EASTWARDS: Trains on the Central Line platforms at Leytonstone following the opening of the latest extension of the line. The line, which is 2·3 miles long, provides a new outlet for the densely-populated borough of Leyton and parts of Wanstead, and appreciably shortens the travelling time of City workers living in the Woodford and Ongar districts. L.N.E.R. services which connected these areas with Liverpool Street now terminate at Leytonstone, where passengers transfer to the Underground. From Leytonstone they are able to travel direct to Liverpool Street, Oxford Circus, Ealing and Wood Lane

SIR BRACEWELL SMITH STUDIES HIS OWN PORTRAIT: London's Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, seen at Burlington House as they examined the Lord Mayor's portrait by Henry Carr

THE DEMANDS OF WARTIME INDUSTRY BROUGHT THESE HOUSES TO LAKELAND; THE HOUSING EXIGENCIES OF TO-DAY MAY KEEP THEM THERE: An aerial view of the Calgarth Housing Estate, near the shores of Windermere, which has become the centre of a bitter controversy. The question of the future of the estate was discussed behind closed doors at a recent conference at the County Hall, Kendal. The estate of red-brick bungalows was built in 1941 to house workpeople at adjacent wartime factories, and an undertaking was given that it would be removed after the war. There are some 800 people still living on the estate, and they have already protested against the attitude of the Friends of the Lake District, who want the Government to carry out its promise to remove the estate, which has been described by some people as "a blot on the Lake District." Owing to the present housing difficulties, however, it is understood that no method of carrying out the original undertaking can be found, but further conferences are about to be held

TWO REGULARS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: The Misses J. J. M. and A. M. Glenny make a point of visiting the Royal Academy every year. The two sisters, wearing bright-yellow jumpers with light-blue skirts, remarkably alike in feature and fashion, come from Brackley, Northamptonshire. This year's Royal Academy is a typical Summer Exhibition, but for once portraiture is not the keynote, although an immensity of praise has been lavished upon Mr. Moynihan's portrait of Princess Elizabeth. Mr. Churchill's contributions, Nos. 57 and 174 in the catalogue of nearly 700 oil paintings, depict his home at Chartwell, Kent, and the Loup River, in the Alpes Maritimes. Both canvases have been surrounded by visitors. Mr. Churchill's "Winter Sunshine," declares one critic, would certainly attract attention by its original vision combined with sound craftsmanship, even if one had no other reason to look carefully at this work

AN INSTINCTIVE HABIT WHICH PERSISTS THROUGH LIFE: Young green woodpeckers climbing the side of a tree. The tail feathers are stiffened to give them purchase as they ascend. They soon learn with their chisel-like beaks to peck out the insects from the interstices of the bark

HE WAS IN THE NEWS AT QUESTION TIME: The green woodpecker hit the headlines in Parliament when Mr. E. P. Smith asked the Minister of Agriculture whether he would consider removing it from the list of protected birds

PARLIAMENT and the GREEN WOODPECKER

The Tits, the Warblers and the Nightingales Solve Their Housing Problem

The House of Commons at question time, according to the day and the urgency of later business, can be gay or careworn, and, as everyone knows, august members of the Mother of Parliaments even have their moments of flippancy. Recently a serious question regarding the future of the green woodpecker, put by Mr. E. P. Smith (Con., Ashford), evoked the response from the Minister that the bird did more good than harm. Not content, Mr. Smith returned to the attack. "Has the right hon. gentleman any personal experience of the less desirable qualities of the great green woodpecker?" he asked. This drew from Mr. Williams the reply: "No, but I am credibly informed that the green woodpecker is insectivorous—(laughter). It is especially fond of ants and woodlice—(laughter)—which alone would make it worth preserving." (Renewed laughter.) Determined that his Party should score at all costs, Major Beamish (Con., Lewes) then joined the fray and the House dissolved in more laughter when he asked: "Is the right hon. gentleman aware that the great green woodpecker is one of the only living things in the British Isles that is able to preserve its sense of humour under this Government?"

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR! A green woodpecker comes to the entrance of its home. It is widely held that this species does more good than harm, and for this reason it is likely to remain one of Britain's protected birds

THE REED WARBLER HAS SOLVED THE HOUSING PROBLEM FOR 1947: A parent bird poised above the nest. This is attached ingeniously to the stems of a few reeds, and it is formed by winding grass or the branches of reed panicles together with a little wool. The nest is conical and deep, so that the eggs or young may not be thrown out when the reeds are shaken by the wind

THE BITTERN'S HOME: The bird is seen on the nest, which is made of rushes and placed on the ground beside the water. It is well concealed behind thick vegetation. The bittern, a handsome bird related to the heron, feeds upon frogs and small fish. It has even been known to kill a fair-sized pike. During the breeding season the bittern makes a peculiar booming sound

ANOTHER ARTFULLY-CONTRIVED HOME AMONG THE REEDS: This is the nest of the bearded tit, which does not belong to the tit family. The bearded tit frequents reed and osier beds. The male is tawny and with its grey head and black bearding is of striking appearance. The bearding is absent in the female

THE BLACKCAP VISITS ENGLAND IN SPRING AND SUMMER: The cock-bird standing beside the neatly-contrived nest in the midst of the brambles. Only the cock has the black patch on the head which gives the species its popular name. In the autumn the blackcap migrates southwards, together with other members of the warbler family. (All the pictures on these pages are the work of Eric J. Hosking, F.R.P.S.)

THE GARDEN WARBLER AT THE NEST: The bird has just fed a juicy morsel to its young, but they still crane their necks up for another helping

A COCK NIGHTINGALE ARRIVES HOME WITH THE RATIONS: The bird brings an insect for its young. The nightingale's nest, composed of dead leaves or grass, is usually placed on or near the ground in rather tangled vegetation

BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL PARADE

A Visit to the Olympia and Earl's Court Sections of the B.I.F.

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is still too early to estimate what actual orders have been taken for export business at the British Industries Fair which has just closed its doors at Olympia, Earl's Court and Castle Bromwich. But it is safe to say that the bulk of its detractors have been proved wrong. Many people were afraid that the decision of the Board of Trade in 1945 to hold the first post-war British Industries Fair in 1947 was premature, and, indeed, a number of the exhibitors at Earl's Court and Olympia maintained that it should not have been held before 1948 at the earliest. "We are doing this merely to please the Board of Trade" was said to me at a number of the stands which I visited.

Other exhibitors, while agreeing that it was quite impossible for them to take any orders for periods ranging from a year to two years, said that they were glad they had gone to the expense of erecting stands and displaying their goods. "I have made numbers of new contracts and met numbers of old clients whom I haven't seen since before the war," one of them said to me. "It has also been most instructive to listen to the remarks of the buyers when they look at my goods. Even before the war there was a tremendous dissimilarity in taste and appeal in the various countries of the world. This is even more noticeable to-day." Exhibitor after exhibitor blamed the recent coal crisis for being the primary cause of the various bottlenecks in industry, which ranged from a shortage of ash to make cricket stumps to cloth for making plaid ties. Yet nobody was more surprised than the exhibitors themselves at the tremendous crowds of buyers who appeared from abroad as well as from the provinces on the opening day. "I have attended these British Industries Fairs since their inception," said one elderly exhibitor, "and I have never seen anything like the enthusiasm of the visitors. One would have thought that the 'Britain Can Make It' exhibition would have been a considerable deterrent to overseas buyers who had discovered that though Britain could make it, it could not produce it in commercial quantities. In my opinion, it is a very great compliment to Britain that so many buyers should spend so much money on coming from all parts of the world to inspect our goods, even though they had been warned in advance that there would be very little which they could actually order on the spot for immediate shipment."

In the course of my wanderings round Earl's Court and Olympia, I found myself following the trail again and again of Brazilian and Lebanese, who seemed to be giving the most fantastic orders. A young Brazilian business man wanted to buy up a complete stand, lock, stock and barrel, of a scientific instrument firm—though it was valued at something over £30,000. By contrast, the buyers from Denmark and Sweden could not hope to do much business, as their two countries have over-spent their ration of currency, and in consequence they were looking round for future business to be done next year. They were in much the same boat as many of the exhibitors who were merely registering the names of enquirers against a possible increase in their quota for export. The men's clothes section, including shirts, tweeds, and the like, could have taken literally millions of pounds' worth of orders if they had the textiles to sell and the work-people to turn them into clothes. At the moment, it appears that there is a shortage of something over 100,000 employees in the wool and cotton industries. How far the women's fashions, as opposed to materials, attracted foreign buyers is dubious. English fashions are improving fast, but they are still a long way behind Paris, New York and Los Angeles.

Australians appear to have been in the vanguard of buyers of anything from sterling silver to the most expensive fishing-rods. Two exhibits which caught my eye and which created the biggest interest were the first English-made juke box and some gold darts. A juke box, for the benefit of those who do not go to the movies, is a coin-operated gramophone giving a choice of over a dozen records, automatically selected and played in any desired order. This one cost £250, and can be operated by pennies in England and any national coinage overseas. The nine-carat gold darts with special plastic feathers were priced at £140. One would have thought that only a Maharajah would buy them, and it is doubtful whether even the most democratic Maharajah would play darts. Ordinary darts, however, seem to have caught on in the United States, where returning American troops have set a fashion for this ancient sport, although it is primarily a pub game and one does not find pubs in the United States.

The variety of nationalities at the Fair can be gauged by the visiting-cards received in consecutive order by a leading watch and clock manufacturer. The first eleven visiting-cards were presented by buyers from Canada, India, New Zealand, Rhodesia, Denmark, Sweden, Iraq, Iran, Transjordan, Holland and Lebanon. It seems that there is a world shortage of alarm clocks, apart from the other varieties of clocks. At a neighbouring stall which exhibited dentists' and barbers' chairs, the first five cards from buyers showed that they came from Uganda, Iceland, New Zealand, Australia and Brazil. One of the new fashions, which is apparently an aftermath of the world war, is the increase in the popularity of pipe smoking. A representative of a leading English firm of pipe-makers assured me that the demand is quite fantastic, and it would take over two years to execute the orders accepted on the first day. A shirt manufacturer told me that he could have accepted orders worth £5,000 within an hour of the opening of the Fair. "As it is, all we can do is to tantalise them and make pretty excuses for being unable to fulfil the orders," he said. Which reminds me of a manufacturer of cameras who told me that literally the highest-paid man in his firm is the specially selected employee whose sole job is to refuse orders as courteously as possible.

To hungry Englishmen the spectacle of a food-stuffs' section at the Fair is somewhat exasperating. Rows of pots of jam and marmalade, and piles of candies and other goodies, confront the eye. The exhibitors inform one, however, that they can only be sold to the Crown Colonies. This is some satisfaction. . . .

Most of the exhibitors, of course, are quite content to show their new styles, even though these cannot be made in commercial quantities for some time. Golfers will be interested in a new type of waterproof golf jacket, which is much longer than normal and gives complete protection to the sit-down. I also noticed a new light-weight golf-bag, which has as capacious a pocket as the most expensive pre-war leather bags. New styles in ski-ing kit were also prominent.

One of the advantages of the Fair has been that misunderstandings about prices have been dispelled in many cases. Numbers of British firms who had lost their previous contracts with good agents, particularly on the Continent, had hurriedly accepted strangers to act for them. In many cases these newly-appointed agents have been charging prices far in excess of those of the manufacturer. The manufacturers have now had the opportunity to make their position and their prices plain. As has been truly said, the high prices actually paid doubtless reflect the price which buyers are expected to give for early delivery, but they also tend to discredit the British manufacturer quite unfairly. Even now the sellers' market remains in most trades. But everyone realises that supply will catch up with demand in the not far distant future, and more attention than ever will have to be paid to attractive new styles and, if it comes to that, to attractive new prices.

In the meantime, it would have been inexcusable for the Board of Trade to have postponed the British Industries Fair, even though so few of the goods exhibited were for sale. The British Industries Fair is by no means the only one of its kind in the world. There are many others, much older, which are held throughout Europe in the spring and are visited by buyers from all over the world. Many of them have now been revived—Paris, Lyons, Utrecht, Milan, Prague and even Leipzig. Most of these fairs have been nothing more than a gesture, and have been revived purely for prestige purposes and to begin the new post-war cycle. For it is not only Great Britain who is still hampered by the aftermath of the war. Other countries, too, are suffering from at least as many bottlenecks and lack of raw materials.

To quote Sir Stafford Cripps: "The world is looking to this country as one of the main sources for its supply of manufactured goods. Despite production difficulties, this country is already exporting a greater volume of manufactured goods than before the war. The Fair of 1947 will assert our confidence and show the production achievements upon which our confidence is based." In fact, the Fair was by far the biggest that Great Britain has ever staged.

The leather goods alone occupied a space at least four times as large as the exhibit of 1939. The chemical section was also very prominent with its many wartime developments. Over 100 scientific, photographic and optical instrument firms have been exhibiting this year compared with thirty-one exhibitors in 1939. Instruments of high quality have indicated the application of wartime research and development to peacetime uses and include radar, aeronautical, fire control and electronic devices. This section, as well as so many others at Olympia and Earl's Court, was demonstrating the efforts which are being made by manufacturers in this country to capture the world's markets previously enjoyed by Germany. Many millions of pounds are involved in this drive to further our trade in South America and other countries where German subsidised goods of the highest quality enjoyed such a run of popularity during the eight or ten years before the outbreak of war. If for no other reason than to impress on foreign Powers that Great Britain can take over at the point where Germany was compelled to leave off, the British Industries Fair will have more than justified itself.

ROYAL VISITORS TO THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent; the Duchess of Kent; the Princess Royal; and Queen Mary inspecting a model of a Malayan tin-dredger during their visit to Olympia last week. Queen Mary had previously paid a lengthy visit to the Earl's Court section of the Fair

BRITAIN'S SHOP-WINDOW—THE B.I.F. OPENS ITS DOORS TO THE WORLD'S BUYERS: An animated scene at Olympia, where one of the two London sections of the Fair opened last week; 3,006 buyers from overseas visited the Fair on the first day and there were over 9,000 home buyers. As usual, the heavy industrial section of the B.I.F. was staged at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

"OKLAHOMA," BROADWAY'S RECORD-BREAKING MUSICAL COMEDY, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE: Betty Jane Watson as Laurey singing "Every New Day," one of the song-hits. *Oklahoma* is in its fifth year on Broadway, and on its opening night at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, it received such a reception that it may well become as successful here. It is based on Lynn Riggs' play *Green Grow the Lilacs*, and has music by Richard Rodgers. Many of the songs have become hits in America and considerable efforts had been made to avoid their being played here before the opening of the show. But the secret has been well kept and, to the greater part of the early audiences, they are new. The setting is Oklahoma in 1900, before it became one of the United States, and this slick production, with an entirely American cast, is something new in musical comedy. It makes an interesting comparison with C. B. Cochran's typically English operetta, *Bless the Bride*, at the Adelphi Theatre

"OKLAHOMA" at Drury Lane, "Candida" at the Piccadilly Theatre, and "We Proudly Present" at the Duke of York's

"THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP": Another song-hit from "Oklahoma," with two of the leading players, Harold Keel as Curly and Betty Jane Watson. The show is rich in melodious and catchy tunes; the singing well above the usual musical comedy standard

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "CANDIDA," REVIVED AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE: Geoffrey Keen as Marchbanks; Fay Compton as Candida, and Jack Hawkins as Morell. Thought by some to be Shaw's best play and to contain his best character study in the Rev. James Mavor-Morell, *Candida* revives well with an excellent cast at the Piccadilly Theatre. Jack Hawkins is far more successful with Morell than he was with *Othello*, the production of which he was alternating with *Candida* until he decided to withdraw it from the repertory

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH IVOR NOVELLO: Ena Burrill and Phyllis Monkman in "We Proudly Present," his new comedy of life back-stage, at the Duke of York's Theatre. Ivor Novello has given his public a glimpse of life in theatrical circles in previous comedies. His latest is an amusing story of two ex-officers, who enter into theatrical management. It is not too technical, however, for the uninitiated. Ivor Novello now has three shows running in the West End, the others being *Perchance to Dream*, in its third year at the Hippodrome, and *The Dancing Years*, successfully revived at the Casino

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

IN "THE ROCK POOL" OF INIQUITY

Cyril Connolly Makes His Tardy Settlement with the Vicious '20's

ACCORDING to his dedication, Mr. Cyril Connolly appears to have been unable to get an English publisher to take THE ROCK POOL (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.) when it was written in 1935. It was published in Paris in 1936 by a sportsman called Jack Kahane, who "waged a lonely guerilla war against English prudery (and who found my book so little salacious that he used to tell me it was 'a disgrace to his list')."

This was about the time of the *Bessie Cotter* prosecution, and it is only fair to point out that if *Bessie Cotter* copped it because certain spades were called spades, *The Rock Pool* is well stocked with sanguinary shovels. Yet I imagine that neither Mr. Hamish Hamilton nor Mr. Cyril Connolly is losing any sleep over what happened at Bow Street those long twelve years ago, since some of the new American arrivals are tough enough to make *The Rock Pool* read like a serial in the St. Mildred's Parish Magazine.

It is Mr. Connolly's first book, "always in the nature of a tardy settlement of an account with the past," he says, "and in this case my debt is with the 1920's. It was a period when art was concerned with futility, when heroes were called Denis and Nigel and Stephen and had a tortured look." He wonders who remembers them now. This novel does not help one to remember them. But one remembers Cagnes with its vicious vortex of homosexual trollops and heterosexual wasters, spongers and Montparnassian hangers-on.

It is all very amusing even at this date, and especially to observe a slightly more youthful Mr. Connolly, scarce within hailing distance of his Unquiet Grave, taking it out of Cap d'Antibes (that inoffensive grocers' recreation ground), and the Mediterranean generally, merely because a couple of Lizzies lived there in a shack under some pines. Palinurus shows no sign of being ashamed of what he has found again in his rock pool, and, on the whole, I rather agree with him.

THE HUCKSTERS, by Frederic Wakeman (The Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.), is presented to us as having sold more than 700,000 copies in the U.S.A., and as having been made into a film in which Mr. Clark Gable "returns to the screen after eighteen months' absence," and which also features Miss Deborah Kerr, supported by a team of trained smoothies headed by Messrs. Sydney Greenstreet, Adolphe Menjou and Edward Arnold. You know. It will be that kind of picture.

It is also that kind of book, though I doubt whether some of its action, and certainly very little of its dialogue, could pass the Hays (now the Johnson) Office. But you can't take the lid off commercial broadcasting as practised between the '30's and '40's in New York City, or under the neon lights of Sunset Boulevard, and expect a sweet smell of violets. Certainly not from Mr. Wakeman, who, in common with most American novelists to-day, not only leaves no stone unturned and no avenue unexplored in his search for "realism," but almost lovingly describes every unpleasant thing he finds under the stones, or down those dark avenues.

The book reads more like a movie written by an advertising man than any novel I have read by an advertising man who was writing for the movies.

Mr. Val Gielgud is the author of one of the best-tempered autobiographies that I have read for a very long time, and that quality in itself should be enough to recommend a book which has a number of other virtues. There are neither snaps nor snarls within the pages of YEARS OF THE LOCUST (Nicholson and Watson. 9s. 6d.), and yet it is a book which constantly, and indeed chiefly, deals with the stage, with radio and with writers, generally three fruitful fields for malice.

TO THE MEMORY OF A MAN WHO BEFRIENDED LONDON'S YOUTH: This model for a memorial, designed by Professor Richardson, R.A., and sculptured by Alfred Hardiman, R.A., is on view at this year's Royal Academy. The completed work is to be set up in the Garden of Remembrance at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, as a memorial to the late Viscount Southwood. The Garden of Remembrance, which is now being extended, was the inspiration of Lord Southwood and commemorates the fortitude of the people of London during the war. Juvenile figures play a prominent part in the design as a reminder of Lord Southwood's devoted work as Chairman of the Great Ormond Street Hospital

He himself admits to being a negligible actor, but he is, demonstrably, an excellent producer, as the drama section of the B.B.C. has shown during the past ten years and more. That Val Gielgud is also a novelist, a critic, a gourmet and an amateur of Siamese cats and the Napoleonic period, proves him to be a man of parts. The reminiscences under discussion also prove him to be a kindly character.

Readers of Miss D. K. Broster's *The Sea Without a Haven* will remember how Captain Nugent Carew, R.N., rescued the charming Charlotte d'Esparre following actions against the French Fleet at Toulon and Leghorn. THE CAPTAIN'S LADY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) continues the story following their romantic marriage.

At their Devonshire parsonage his parents await the arrival of the bride with some trepidation. She is Catholic and she is French, which in those days might add up to anything which is sharp or immoral, or both.

But before she arrives at the parsonage she gets embroiled at Portsmouth with some long-lost relations of her own, and in some adventures which entangle her in an espionage plot. While this is going on, news arrives from France that a previous entanglement of hers thought to be dead, was not dead at all. Subsequently, it turned out that this information is false, but by the intervention of an "Awful Child" the facts are withheld in time to allow Miss Broster to pack a great many more adventures and complications into the story.

All ends happily, however, for Charlotte is able to assist in exposing the whole spy network, and thus to clear herself with the authorities as well as with her husband's family.

Mr. Ellery Queen, himself no mean writer of detective fiction and, in fact, well on his way to becoming the American dean of such letters, has made a remarkable collection of short stories in which the principal characters are either female sleuths or, less notably, female criminals. The latter category loses, in my view, by being purely fictional, and whereas that is the only possible treatment for the gentlewomen of detection, the real and notorious histories of women criminals generally beat anything that the writer can devise.

LADIES IN CRIME (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.) is good value for the money, since it contains short stories by such experts as Mignon Eberhart and Mary Roberts Rinehart—both, in a sense, ladies in crime themselves—and by Paul Gallico, Stacy Aumonier and Phillips Oppenheim. My own choice is for Tennyson Jesse's superb story, *Lot's Wife*, and that in itself is an excellent reason for buying the book.

Mr. Arthur Meeker has had the commendable idea of writing a romantic novel about Chicago in its early days, and the restraint not to include a description of the Great Fire. Not even a passing reference to Mrs. O'Leary's cow, popularly supposed to have started the conflagration, mars the quiet pages of the family saga that he has called THE FAR AWAY MUSIC (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.).

Captain G. K. Yeates has added yet another magnificent volume to his unrivalled books on bird photography, in BIRD HAUNTS IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND (Faber and Faber. 15s.). There are no fewer than ninety-nine separate plates in this book, each a perfect study in itself, and each a triumph of knowledge, patience and artistry. Few but the trained ornithologist will understand the skill and tirelessness which went to the securing of those perfect pictures of the nightjar, the hobby (that tiny hunter of the plain) and the shy bittern.

A PUKAPUKAN IDYLL

And Other New Books Briefly Reviewed

"A voiceless interdental spirant palatised." That is how a Pukapukan deals with the letter "y"; at any rate, that is what Ernest Beaglehole thinks about it, and most of us will no doubt be quite content to accept this scholarly verdict. Pukapuka is an atoll in the South Pacific, 390 miles north-east of Samoa, and 715 miles north-west of Rarotonga, and Mr. Beaglehole and his wife paid it a visit in their capacity as social psychologists, another of the up and coming professions. The result is a book entitled ISLANDS OF DANGER (Progressive Publishing Society. 12s. 6d.), which has much to say about the life of the islanders, who, we are told, live simple, carefree lives and who very definitely do not read the classics, and not a little about Mr. Beaglehole's family life on the atoll, where he prepared the material for his *Ethnology of Pukapuka*. In a way the narrative is a trifle scrappy, ranging from the frigidly academic to the colloquial, but it gives a genuine portrait of Pacific life, with all its lure for the escapist, and the author's sincere love of the island and regard for its people are beyond doubt.

When the first egg is hatched in the nest of the Great Crested Grebe it is a day of intense activity, of almost unremitting toil, for the two parent birds. How they react to the miracle of birth, taking it in turns to carry the youngster on their backs (for such is the habit of the grebe), taking it in turns to feed it with feathers (for that is the strange initial item of diet) and generally co-operating in the first anxious hours, is told in fascinating detail by Colonel Niall Rankin in his new book, HAUNTS OF BRITISH DIVERS (Collins. 12s. 6d.). The book is magnificently illustrated showing the Great Crested Grebes, which were at one time within an ace of becoming extinct in this country, the Black-throated Divers and the Red-throated Divers in the seclusion of their breeding-places amid the tree-fringed waterways of Kent and the solitudes of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. Colonel Rankin, a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society, has brought an immensity of patience to his task as a bird-watcher and the result is a book of outstanding merit. The binding, letterpress and photographic reproduction are markedly good.

From the same publishing house comes a very different book regarding the British scene. It is Richard Keverne's TALES OF OLD INNS (Collins. 6s.). This is also finely illustrated, in the fast-developing Collins tradition, and this new edition, revised in the light of changes wrought by the war, will be welcomed by those setting out to rediscover their homeland. Mr. Keverne covers the countryside fairly fully, providing sketch-maps for the traveller's guidance. Londoners may be intrigued by the Ferry Boat, a rural riverside inn not on the Thames, and within half-an-hour of Piccadilly Circus.

In the same category is INTRODUCING BRITAIN (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.), a country miscellany, published with the blessing of Lord Derby. S. P. B. Mais writes on Wessex and the Cotswolds, the chapters on London are by that eminent authority Thomas Burke, while Kenneth Matthews contributes an inspiring impression of Hereford and the Wye Valley, not omitting to quote from Wordsworth's majestic lines written near Tintern. This is a book essentially for the visitor from abroad, and it serves its purpose admirably.

JÁNOS, THE STORY OF A DOCTOR (Victor Gollancz. 18s.) is the autobiography of Professor John Plesch, a scientist and physician of international repute. The author has led an unusually full life, meeting many of the great men and women of his time, and, like the author of *San Michele*, he is a master of the autobiographical form. The chapter on Schaudinn, Wassermann and Ehrlich, the pioneers of medical research, is of tremendous interest. Professor Plesch worked with Ehrlich, the discoverer of Salvarsan, and gives an intimate glimpse of his ebullient nature. The tragedy of his wife's persecution by the Nazis is a story that has not previously been told in this country.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH (Odhams. 6s.). This is the illustrated story of twenty-one years in the life of the Heir-Presumptive. Proceeds from the sale of the book will go to King George's Jubilee Trust.

BALLET 1946-1947 (10s.) has been edited by Anthony Gishford for the Covent Garden Opera Trust. It is a fine illustrated record of the work of the ballet, and contains contributions by Sacheverell Sitwell and Philip Page.

IMPERIAL LEATHER

HAND-FINISHED

Toilet Soaps

A Cussons product

Cussons Sons & Co, Ltd, 84 Brook St, Grosvenor Square, London W.1

The 2½ litre 6 cylinder

LAGONDA

DESIGNED BY

W O Bentley.

LAGONDA LIMITED STAINES ENGLAND

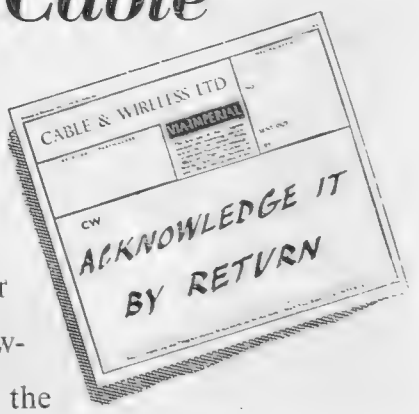
FURNITURE & DECORATIONS

The Largest and most attractive Furnishing House in the World

MAPLE

MAPLE & Co LTD TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1
BIRMINGHAM · BOURNEMOUTH · BRIGHTON · LEEDS · NOTTINGHAM

When you receive a Greetings Cable



When you, yourself, send a Greetings cable, you're apt to wonder whether it arrived if your kind thought goes unacknowledged. Well, it works just the same way in reverse. If *you* do not acknowledge a Greetings cable someone at the other side of the world is going to wonder if you received it.

CABLE AND WIRELESS

VIA IMPERIAL

Cable and Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2

CVS-04

From Roman days

THE SPAS OF FRANCE

have been the great natural restoratives of

HEALTH

Information from Spa Dept.,
F.N.T.O., 179 Piccadilly,
LONDON W.1

GOUGING STEEL?
BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH THE **B.O.C.**

A carpenter works in wood, but he has a counterpart today who works in steel—with the same ease, though at far higher speeds. Flame gouging equipment, the modern equivalent of the carpenter's chisel, is one of the tools of the "Carpenter in Steel." Flame gouging, developed by The British Oxygen Company, is but one of the many applications of Oxygen in modern industry—each one bringing ever increasing efficiency, ever greater economy in time and material to the manifold processes in use today. Interesting literature on flame gouging and similar processes will gladly be supplied on request.

Carpentry in Steel Series No. 1

THE BRITISH OXYGEN COMPANY LTD
LONDON AND BRANCHES

You will be intrigued by

PRUHT
COCKTAIL

THE ORIGINAL
RICH
APERITIF
23/6 PER BOTTLE

RAWLINGS
& SONS
(LONDON) LTD.

introducing the **MG**

One and a Quarter litre

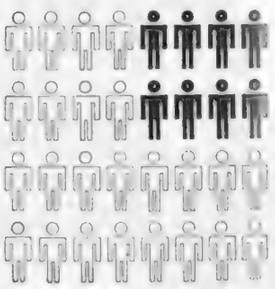
A brilliant new Member of the famous MG breed. This new One and a Quarter Litre car perpetuates the outstanding characteristics of its successful predecessors—virile acceleration, remarkable "road manners," instant response to controls, and superb braking. A "lively" car, the new MG One and a Quarter Litre provides higher standards of performance. Illustrated Catalogue and detailed Specification upon request.

Price £525.0.0 ex works
plus purchase tax £146.11.8

Safety MG *fast!*

THE MG CAR COMPANY LTD., ABINGDON-ON-THAMES

Note these Facts



A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that **Colds and 'Flu were the greatest individual time-losers, causing nearly one quarter of total absenteeism.** Colds and 'Flu can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water—*so can*

NEURITIS, RHEUMATIC PAIN, SLEEPLESSNESS, TOOTHACHE AND HEADACHE.

Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Prices 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain

'Genasprin'

sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough. 10

GOR-RAY Registered
skirts one better!

Gor-ray Ltd. 107 Old Bond St. W.1

CALLED TO THE BAR...

but the CALL is for

GILBEY'S GIN

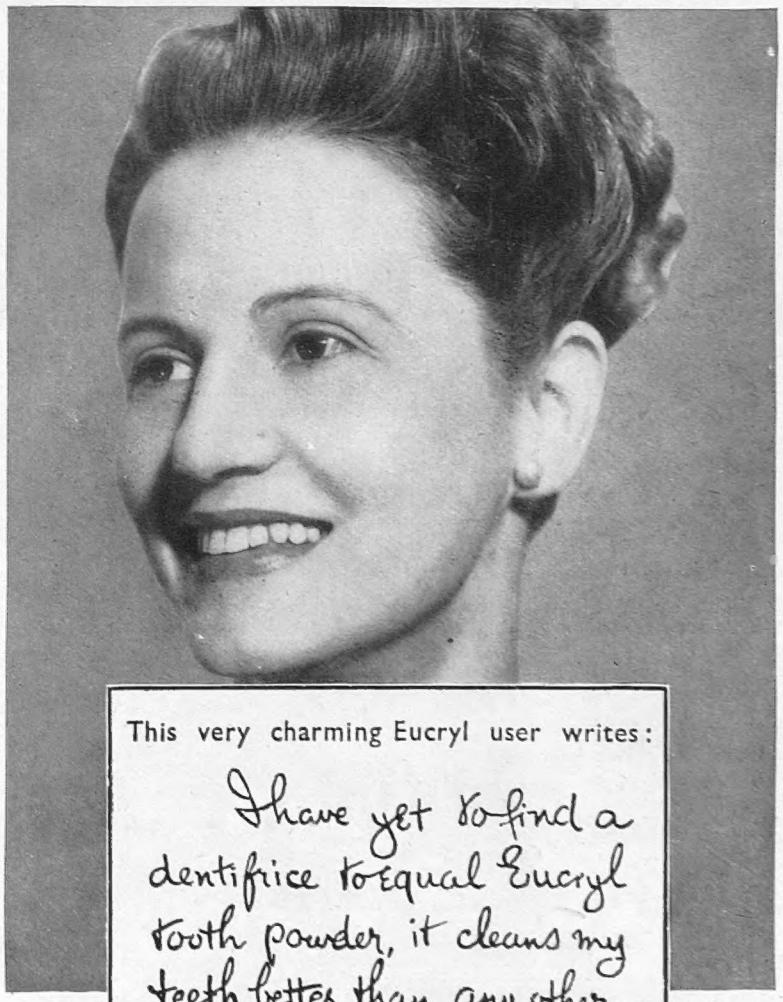
No wishful drinking

Wait until you *really* have a cold before you uncork your Lembar—just one sneeze doesn't count. In these lean times, Lembar's pure lemon juice, glucose, barley and sugar should be saved for troubles like 'flu, acidosis and biliousness—plain wishful drinking must wait on better days.

RAYNER'S *medicinal*
Lembar

Available in limited quantities

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LTD., LONDON, N.18



This very charming Eucryl user writes:

I have yet to find a dentifrice to equal Eucryl tooth powder, it cleans my teeth better than any other.

EUCRYL

THE WHITE POWDER FOR WHITE TEETH

IN TINS 9d. & 1/3

the best shops now have limited supplies of

Valstar

RAINCOATS

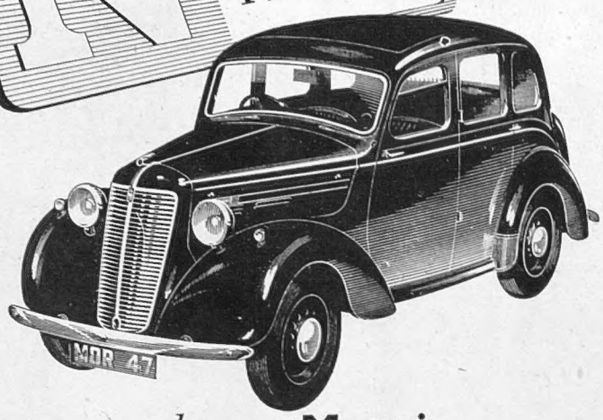
VALSTAR LTD · SALFORD 6 · LANCS

also at 314 Regent Street · London · W.1

MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

N

A NUFFIELD PRODUCT



Even more than a **Morris**

. . . it's a Nuffield Product

The innate quality of its craftsmanship is born of a free association of famous car manufacturers co-ordinated to further the progress of motoring; to build for you a finer car.

Here is the pooled wisdom of a dozen forward-looking enterprises — not squandered in rivalry but shared in efficient co-operation.

THE NUFFIELD ORGANISATION

MORRIS · WOLSELEY · RILEY · M.G. · MORRIS COMMERCIAL

MAKE MINE MYERS

THE RUM

that's matured and bottled in Jamaica

70° PROOF

AT ALL GOOD BARS AND WINE MERCHANTS

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the

NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

One of Britain's finest hotels

and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

IN THE "KEY" POSITION. Buses pass the grounds for Shops and Cinemas. Nearest hotel to Meyrick Golf Course. One minute walk of Bournemouth West Station. Brochure with pleasure. Resident Director, Mrs. R. J. Bray. Tel.: Bournemouth 5.

WALDRONHYRST HOTEL,

BRAMLEY HILL, CROYDON, SURREY

High-class Private Hotel, ideally situated in extensive grounds. Restful yet only 17 minutes by train from London. Excellent cuisine. Terms moderate. Tel.: Croydon 2641/2.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central Heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel.: 394.

SEAVIEW HOTEL, EASTBOURNE

You can pay less elsewhere, but you will not fare better, for at this hotel on the front and in the front rank, the aim of the Directorate is the provision of the best. Consequently the Seaview has become famed for its Catering, Cellar, Comfort and Courtesy. Telephone: Eastbourne 470 (three lines).

GOING TO LONDON? For quiet comfort and convenience of location, book your hotel accommodation at ST. ERMIN'S, CAXTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, a stone's throw from St. James's Park, Underground, and Victoria Street bus stop. Very comfortable apartments and breakfast from 16s. 6d. per night. Tel.: WHItehall 3176.

DAFFODIL TIME IN DEVONSHIRE! **NORTHAM, NORTH DEVON**

Forget the cold and dreariness of Town and spend the Spring in the warmth and comfort of CLEVELANDS HOTEL. Unusually good food. Reasonable rates. Beautiful house with glassed-in Verandah that is a veritable Sun-trap. Lovely position and grounds. Tel.: Northam 300.

THE VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Come and be Spoilt! Heaps of good food. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and self-controlled wireless by your bedside. And according to your whims, Resident Orchestra, Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail Lounge—or just relaxation in our Sun Lounge. Kenneth Drew, General Manager. Tel.: 951.

IDLE ROCKS HOTEL, ST. MAWES, CORNWALL (Opposite Falmouth)

On water's edge facing South. Private baths. Dancing. Good Continental cuisine. French atmosphere. Plenty of spirits and choice wines. Sunniest spot in England. Yachtsmen's paradise. Good sailing, fishing, bathing. Apply direct (St. Mawes 326) or L.H.S. Ltd., 185, Dorset House, N.W.1. (Welbeck 3836).

GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

NOW FOR SPRING! You will fare well in every sense at this first-class hotel overlooking the smiling waters of Torbay. No seas to cross. No Customs barriers and no currency restrictions. An easy train journey by Torbay Express, and Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul, General Managers, to greet you. Tel.: 2234.

EVER TRIED A

Brandy & Soda?

SPIRITS are short. Try a Prunier Cognac B. & S. with soda or water.

It is a clean, refreshing, stimulating drink that will please your palate and help digestion.

But be sure to ask for Prunier B. & S. Cognac, the only brandy specially prepared for drinking with soda (or water).

Prunier B. & S. Cognac Brandy

makes a good LONG drink

QUALITY

FLAVOUR

BERMALINE BREAD is Baked BY APPOINTED BAKERS

PURITY

DIGESTIBILITY

Why it's difficult

to find the real AERTEX

. . . simply because the complicated twist of cotton yarn that makes the real *Aertex cellular fabric involves too many relaxations from the present restrictions. The moment these are revised, we shall make Aertex as freely available as you would wish.*

CELLULAR CLOTHING CO LTD LONDON W1

P2

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

From the Largest Cyder Apple Orchards in the World

WHITEWAY'S CYDER

THE HEALTH EXPRESS FROM DEVONSHIRE

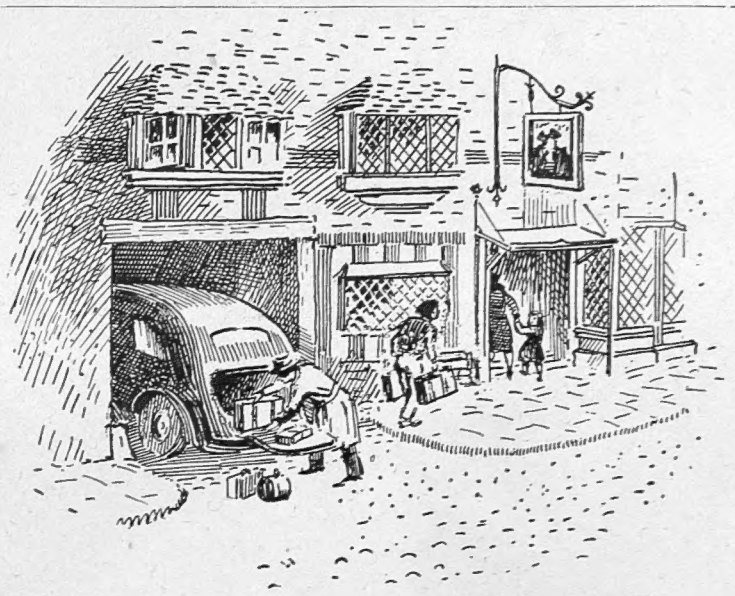
1/6 PER SCREW QT. FLAGON Bottle Extra

MEDIUM — SWEET OR DRY

Down in the heart of 'Glorious Devon'—in the path-way of the sun—the Whiteways have been growing apples and making cyder for over 300 years.

CVS-94

PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY



Stopping on a dreary day in Towcester, Sam Weller was sent to enquire about the Saracen's Head. "There's beds", he reported, "everything clean and comfortable. Wery good little dinner, Sir". The landlord himself appeared "smiling his delight" and ordering "Lights in the Sun, John, make-up the fire; the gentlemen are wet". Now, in this age of the "horse-less carriage", the same "personal touch", the same hospitality, still make mine host and the inn well-loved institutions in English life.

Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake

Manufactured entirely in London, England

Barling PIPE CRAFT

You can always depend on the quality of Barling Pipe Craft. For 135 years Barling Pipes have been noted for their supreme excellence—the perfect pipe in every way.

Take care of your Barling Pipe. When available, the very limited supplies are sent to Barling Agents.

Manufactured by
B. BARLING & SONS (*Est. in London 1812*)
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

RICARLO · THE KING OF APERITIFS · RICARLO

bon appétit!

Serve Ricarlo with or without gin It's becoming quite the favourite aperitif in the leading West End Bars, Hotels & Restaurants. Also from Wine Merchants, Stores & Off-licences. Remember the name R-I-C-A-R-L-O

RICARLO

RICARLO APERITIF

RICARLO · THE KING OF APERITIFS · RICARLO

RICARLO APERITIF

A good mixer in any company!

Beautiful and distinctive . . . in gleaming chromium with red, blue, green or black relief. Price complete, 74/9 Leaflet on request to :—

SPARKLETS LTD. LONDON N.18

THE NEW Streamline SPARKLET

As good as its word!

"ECLIPSE" RAZOR BLADE MADE IN ENGLAND

Price 3d each INCL. TAX

Obtainable only from Retailers.
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

E208

Tailored Costumes
(To Order)

Suits that are equally correct for town or country—in a wide variety of Glen Checks and Glen Urquharts.

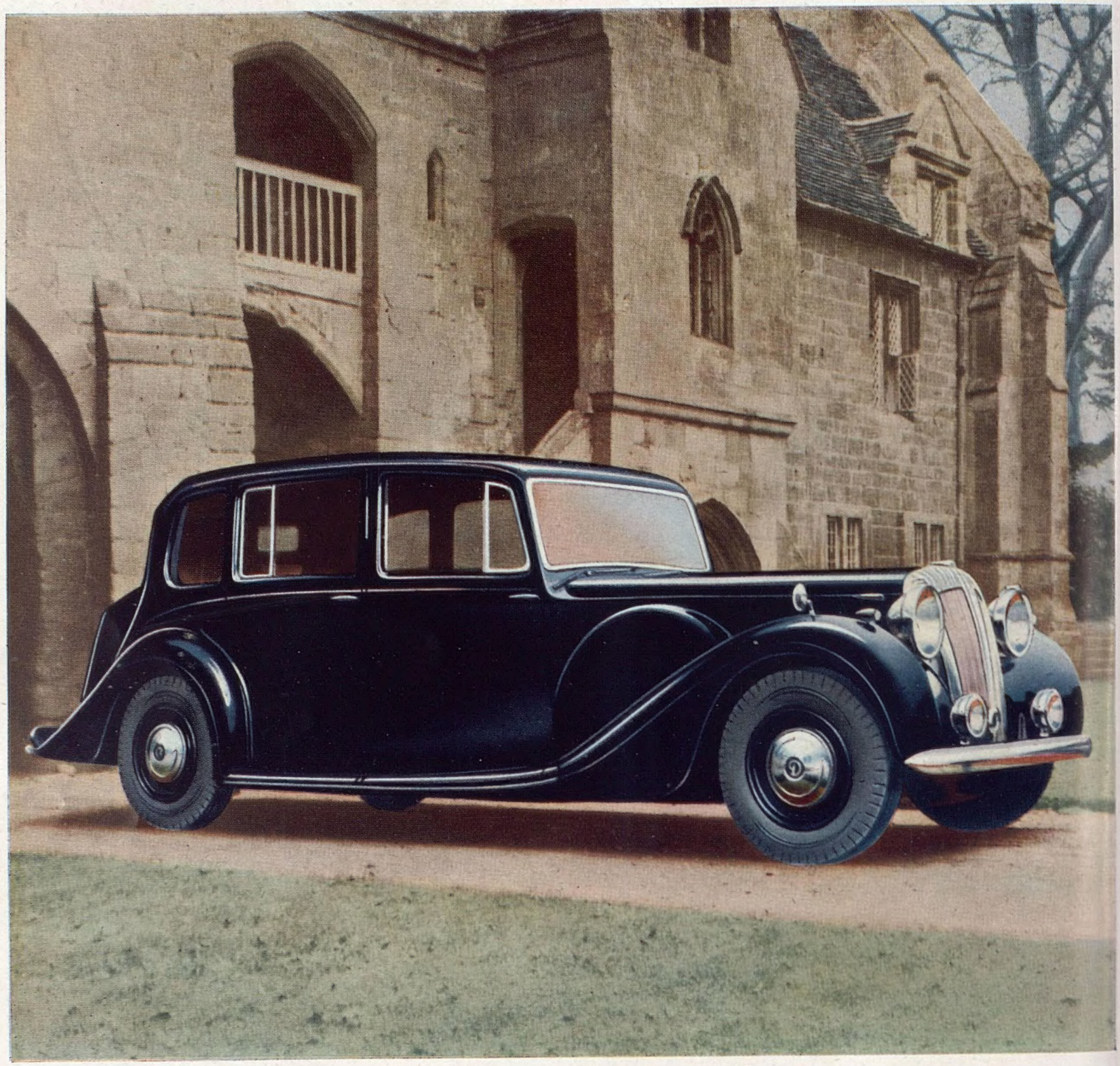
Suits of this type made exclusively by Burberrys remain undated indefinitely—an immense advantage in these coupon days.

Burberry's suits have such style and character—perfectly tailored and endowed with distinction—that they are always attractive whatever the season.

BURBERRYS
HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: WHItehall 3343
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS
BURBERRYS LTD.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

A NOBLE CAR



'STRAIGHT-EIGHT' SPECIAL 8-PASSENGER LANDAULETTE BY HOOPER

Infallible in performance · Impeccable in appearance

'STRAIGHT-EIGHT'
8-CYLINDER - 150 B.H.P.

Daimler

'TWENTY-SEVEN'
6-CYLINDER - 110 B.H.P.

With Fluid Transmission (licensed under Vulcan Sinclair and Daimler patents)

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED · COVENTRY & LONDON

D31

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, May 17, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.